WHAT PRICE THE H-BOMB?

The Housing Shortage (page 27)

The Reporter

May 11, 1954 25c

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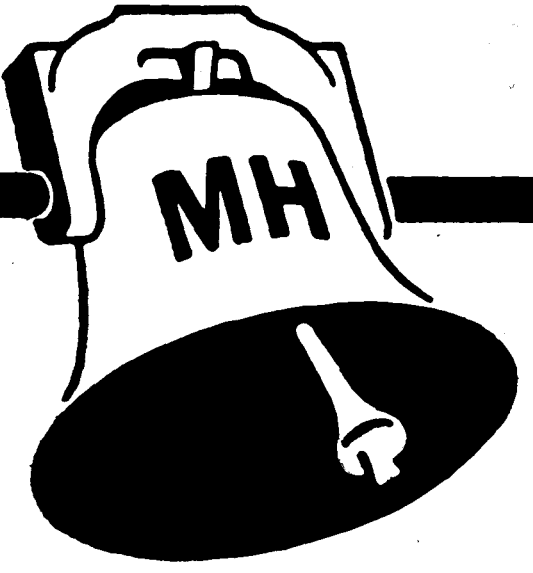

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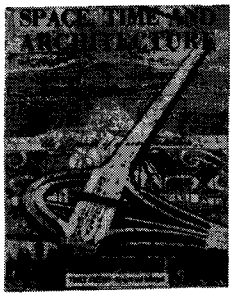

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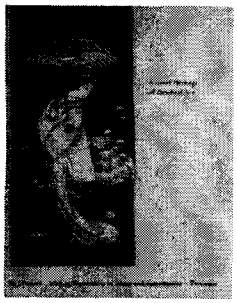

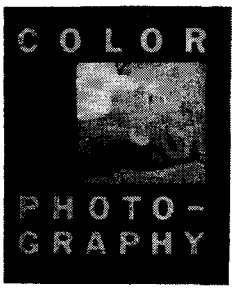

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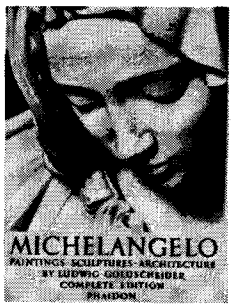

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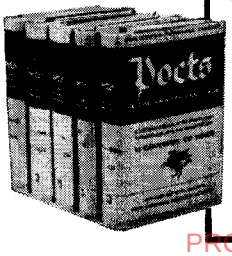

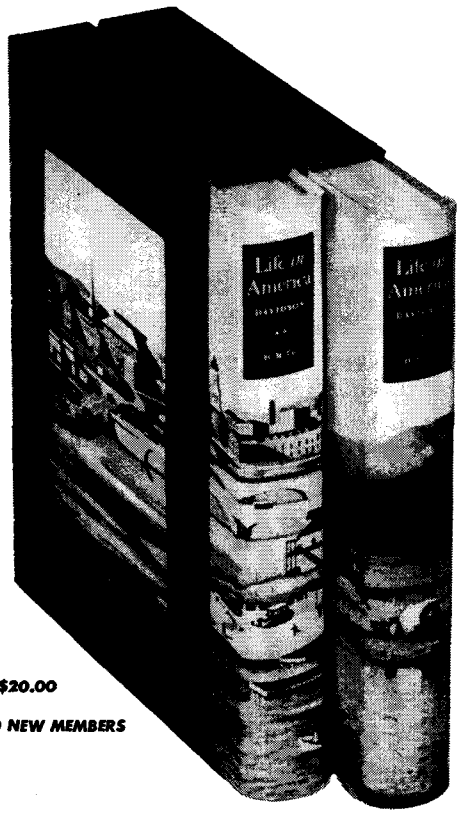

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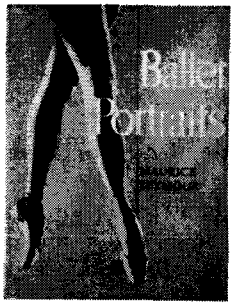

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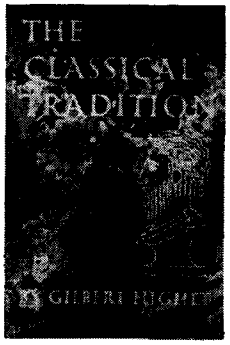

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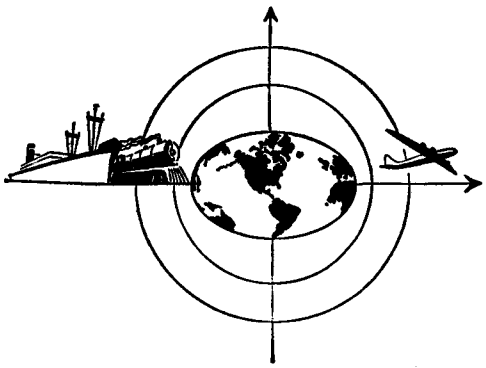

THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Bipartisan Socialism

"The depredations under FHA if ever disclosed would make the Yazoo land frauds look like a piker's handout. It is, of course, all being done in the name of private enterprise, though it is neither private nor enterprise."

This prescient comment was made in a speech two years ago by Charles Abrams, a housing expert who wrote the article beginning on page 27 of this issue. Many of the facts you are now reading as front-page news have been known to literally thousands of people all over the country for years. What is remarkable about the current housing scandals is the previous duration of the bipartisan silence on the subject.

THE ROOT of the trouble is what Mr. Abrams in that same speech called "the mammoth socialization of risk." Under the Federal Housing Administration's "Section 608 program," the new socialism worked this way: You wanted to build an apartment house. Before you even broke ground, you went to the local FHA office and got a "firm commitment" to insure ninety per cent of the cost of putting up the building.

Suppose you estimated it would cost $100,000; you were covered for $90,000. Now suppose you actually did the job for $75,000. You then said it was a $90,000 housing project and pocketed the $15,000 difference. In the lingo of the trade, you had "mortgaged out." People who rented the apartments had to pay more than they were worth. But if not enough people rented them and the project went sour, it was the government that made good on the mortgage and not the builder.

This practice, a form of riskless private enterprise, would have been excellent ammunition for the campaign, but no Republican builder or lender stepped up to add an FHA count to the "mess-in-Washington" indictment. It came to light only when that maligned outfit, the Bureau of Internal Revenue, found builders reporting huge windfalls in certain parts of the country, and tipped off the Housing Agency that there might have been collusion between builders and FHA officials to make their cost estimates deliberately too high.

THE "608" scandal looks back to Democratic days. The other scandal, centering on "Title I Loans," covers dates that span Republican and Democratic Administrations in a thoroughly impartial manner.

Under Title I, a man who wants to repair the plumbing or build a playroom in the basement can get a three-year loan for up to $2,500. This sets up a gold-plated opportunity for another form of riskless enterprise. The promoter visits you in your home, persuades you to repair or modernize it. He talks you into overestimating the cost, and then you sign papers promising to pay it. He then takes the papers to somebody who sells equipment or supplies, and pockets the difference between the inflated estimate and what the supplier will really do the job for.

Since 1934 there has been $16 billion in small home-improvement loans, and they are currently made (with the FHA taking the main part of the risk) at the rate of a billion dollars a year.

HOUSING affects everybody who owns or rents a place to live in. So the scandals have aroused politicians and economists as well as detectives and accountants. The general slump in business has given promoters even more incentive to ring doorbells and sell high-priced repairs with a government guarantee to the lender. So far, construction and housing "starts" have been buoyant indices resisting the current recession. Now will the scandals cause builders

NEW COUNTRY

(*Discovered first by Cartoonist Herblock*)

Daddy, where is Knowland? I can't find it on the map—
It's bordered by Korea and Formosa, little chap.

Has Knowland got a government—a President or King?
Why no, a Generalissimo does Knowland's governing.

And when we do or say a thing that isn't nice to *him,*
The little State of Knowland, boy, puts *us* out on a limb!

—SEC

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to wait and see whether the rules of the socialized housing game are going to be changed?

But there is a deeper issue than this. Again, as with the RFC, the Department of Agriculture, the military procurement services, the Army Engineers, and other public agencies, we have the spectacle of big government creating a lucrative business which comes to be controlled partly by the interests that benefit from it. Charles Abrams summed it up in his "Yazoo" speech:

"The governmental expansion in the mortgage-lending and building fields has given rise to four powerful interests bent upon securing the continuity of their insurance and bounty; builders, mortgage-lenders, savings-and-loan associations, and the building-materials group. They organized into a lobby chain which is improperly named the 'Real Estate Lobby,' for it represents few real-estate investors, yet it has now become one of the most important voices in Washington. . . .

"1. The lobby defends the government agencies and works for their appropriations in Congress, particularly the key House committees . . .

"2. The government agency repays the lobby by reducing building standards so as to enhance private profit; it winks at double bookkeeping methods and sells indiscriminate home-ownership as a national policy.

"3. The government agencies act as umbrellas for the protection of these entrepreneurs against prosecution for fixing interest rates, stifling competition, and committing other violations of Federal law."

'Victim' (continued)

In *The Reporter's* March 2, 1954, issue there was an article entitled "Victim of Nameless Accusers" about a man who had been suspended from his job in the government as a security risk and cleared two months later by a Security Hearing Board set up under the Eisenhower security program. The facts were all there but the names of the persons involved and that of the government agency were withheld because the case was still pending; at that time the accused, having been cleared by the board, awaited reinstatement.

Now the names are public. The press reported that on April 7, 1954, Abraham Chasanow, for twenty-three years a civilian employee of the Navy Hydrographic Office, was notified by Assistant Secretary of the Navy for Air J. H. Smith, Jr., that his employment was terminated. All he was told was that the Hydrographer did not concur in the favorable findings of the Security Hearing Board, and that the Navy Department Security Appeal Board had "unanimously found that your employment is not clearly consistent with the interests of the national security." Reasons found convincing by the Appeal Board, an internal organization whose membership has been kept secret, were not given. Assistant Secretary Smith did make it clear that neither he nor the Appeal Board had considered any evidence other than that heard by the initial Hearing Board.

Anthony Lewis, a reporter for the Washington *News,* first heard of Chasanow's case when he was preparing a series of stories for his paper on the new security program. His interest stirred by the facts provided him by Chasanow's lawyer, Joseph A. Fanelli, Lewis decided to dig deeper into the case for *The Reporter.* After some long talks with Chasanow and his wife, he became convinced that the charges were fantastic. Chasanow, by every conceivable standard, was a conservative. He had led the successful effort to convert the government-owned village of Greenbelt, Maryland, to private ownership. Greenbelt had been built as a New Deal rental project in 1936. By 1952 the Chasanows, along with most of those living there, felt the time had come to practice what might be called "creeping capitalism."

A small minority among Greenbelt residents enjoyed low-rent subsidized housing. A few were bitter toward Chasanow for seeking a change. In what has become an all too familiar pattern, charges of "Communist," "pinko," and "radicall" were bandied about, making fertile territory for an investigator more interested in collecting dirt than in determining truth.

After Assistant Secretary Smith's decision, Chasanow and his attorney decided to appeal to public opinion. On April 15 they held a press conference and made available the entire transcript of the proceedings—the charges, the answers, and the decisions. The mayor of Greenbelt, the police chief, the city clerk, the city manager, a Protestant minister, and a rabbi appeared to testify in Chasanow's behalf.

The New York *Times* examined the evidence and concluded that "unless the Appeals Board and the Assistant Secretary of the Navy who overruled the hearing panel had more evidence against Mr. Chasanow than was contained in these documents it is difficult to understand their adverse decision. . . ."

As we go to press, Assistant Secretary Smith has invited Chasanow to appear on May 3 at an "informal hearing" before him. There is hope in the fact that the last has not been heard of this case.

Know Your Enemy

We are grateful to a California reader for sending us the following item from the Monterey *Peninsula Herald:*

"Russian language students at the Army Language School at the Presidio of Monterey will have to study Russian literature in English — or some other tongue.

"A truck backed up to the Presidio library yesterday, was loaded with Russian texts, magazines and newspapers and driven away. Whence, nobody will say. . . .

"Headquarters personnel at the Presidio were silent on the action, but it appeared they were acting under orders direct from Washington. . . ."

Our reader believes the censors removed all Russian books published after 1917 except reprints and collections of folktales; the current periodicals thrown into the truck included not only *Pravda, Izvestia,* and *Krokodil* but also two anti-Communist journals published in Russian on this side of the Iron Curtain. Apparently the Army was ready for an attack from any direction—as long as it came from Senator McCarthy.

But a few days later the same truck brought its load of books back to the Presidio. It seems that there had been a misunderstanding. So far the Monterey detachment of the U.S. Army has not found it necessary to call for reinforcements in defending itself against the Russians on its library shelves.

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

ONE OF the justifications offered for the reliance on atomic weapons that forms a basic premise of the Administration's military New Look has been the claim that such weapons are comparatively cheap. They can, we are repeatedly told, do a bigger job for less money. But can they? To estimate the total cost of atomic and H-bombs is a complicated matter. That total cost is not just the initial production cost; it must include the cost of delivering the bombs to targets and that of protecting ourselves from similar weapons in the hands of potential enemies. **Ralph E. Lapp** has held a number of important positions in the atomic-energy program; he is the author of *Must We Hide?* and *The New Force;* he has been a frequent co-writer with the Alsop brothers on atomic subjects. Discussing the cost of atomic weapons, Dr. Lapp concludes that simple mathematics cannot express it; logarithmic formulae project the figures into a future that cannot be specified. We cannot know the ultimate cost; we can only be sure that it will be astronomic.

There is a question that goes deeper than money: Will man be able to master the appalling means of destruction he has invented, or will he become their servant and victim? **Michael Amrine,** whose "A Tale of the Steps to Hiroshima—and Beyond" we published in our January 5, 1954, issue, now turns to this subject. In collaboration with Harold C. Urey, Mr. Amrine wrote the much-discussed pamphlet "I'm a Frightened Man." He is now in charge of public relations for the American Psychological Association.

The H-bomb explosion that imperiled Japanese fishermen when the wind ignored the weatherman's chart also imperiled the fortunes of this country's friends all over the world. In the House of Commons debate following the explosion, one of the most powerful friends of all, Sir Winston Churchill, suffered perhaps the deepest humiliation of his political life. That debate may well have shortened the period of public service that remains for him. **H. G. Nicholas** describes that memorable session and examines the problems of the great old man's successor. Mr. Nicholas, a Fellow of New College, Oxford University, is a student of British and American politics and an authority on electoral procedures. His article "Election Afterthoughts from Abroad" (March 17, 1953) was one of a series called "The Long Morning After" in which *The Reporter* analyzed the 1952 U.S. election.

Hardly a day passes without our reading in the newspapers about the way informers, some of them very young, are going about their business in this country. **Leland Stowe** brings us data on the way informers operate in a country behind the Iron Curtain. Bulgaria provides an example of how far the capricious ruthlessness of totalitarian rulers can be carried—with the help of informers, of course. Countries in which the enemies of democracy have not as yet gone so far would do well to take the lesson to heart. Mr. Stowe, foreign correspondent and former Foreign Editor of this magazine, is the author of several books, among which are *They Shall Not Sleep* and *Target: You.*

In this issue, **Isaac Deutscher,** biographer of Stalin and Trotsky, concludes his personal impressions of a recent trip to Israel. His first article appeared in our issue of April 27, 1954.

The Republican Administration, in an effort to live up to a campaign pledge, is entrusting the development of electric power resources to private companies as far as it can. **Joe Miller** describes how this policy, as applied in the Northwestern states, may affect the citizen's standard of living and his chances of improving his lot. Mr. Miller, a former newspaperman now free-lancing in Seattle, has been covering hydroelectric power developments in the Northwest for several years.

Charles Abrams, lawyer, author, and lecturer, a former counsel for the New York City Housing Authority, and an authority on the problems of human shelter, reflects our continued concern with this subject. He describes the background that makes possible such appalling conditions as those described by Anzia Yezierska in "The Lower Depths of Upper Broadway" (January 19, 1954).

In the campaign the Republicans also pledged that they would reduce government personnel in the interest of efficiency and economy. This process, called "riffing," may be in the interests of the country as a whole, but it certainly puts the dismissed employee on the spot. Writing under the pen name of **George Travers,** an ex-government servant gives a first-hand account of the painful human situation created by the economy program.

Madeleine Chapsal, who reports on the present condition of literature in her country, is a French writer who has frequently contributed to *The Reporter.*

Among other things, **Richard H. Rovere,** Washington correspondent for the *New Yorker* and contributing editor of *Harper's* magazine, is an authority on McCarthyana. Our readers will not have forgotten his report on the Messrs. Cohn and Schine's travels abroad (July 21, 1953)—and neither, we hope, have the Messrs. Cohn and Schine. This time, the objects of his tender care are McCarthy's titular eggheads, the two Yale men William F. Buckley, Jr., and L. Brent Bozell, who have made a system of the Senator's thought.

Our cover, which shows empty apartment buildings waiting to be filled with television sets and families, is by **Paul Hollister, Jr.**

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The Reporter

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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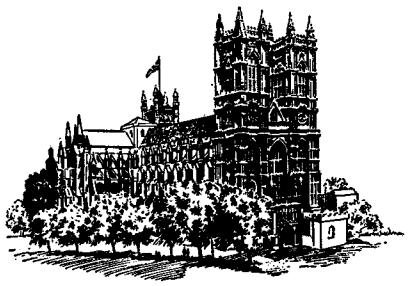


Westminster Abbey is falling down

If this news leaves you unmoved, read no further

TODAY, Westminster Abbey is in almost as desperate danger of becoming a total loss as it was during the Blitz. But now the enemy is *time*.

Nine centuries of weather and slow decay have weakened the Abbey's very foundations. Much of its stonework has perished. Its pinnacles lean dangerously.

To make good this damage, and establish endowments for future maintenance, will cost £1,000,000. An appeal was launched in London in January, 1953.

Fund is nine-tenths complete

Since then, contributions from Britain and every part of the Commonwealth have been coming in. Now, the total goal is all but one-tenth subscribed.

The Abbey is more than a British shrine. It will always be, in the words of Sir Winston Churchill, "...a living spring of hope, inspiration and unfailing interest wherever the English language is spoken..."

Tens of thousands of Americans know and love Westminster Abbey. They have prayed and given thanks in it. They have stood there in the hush of history.

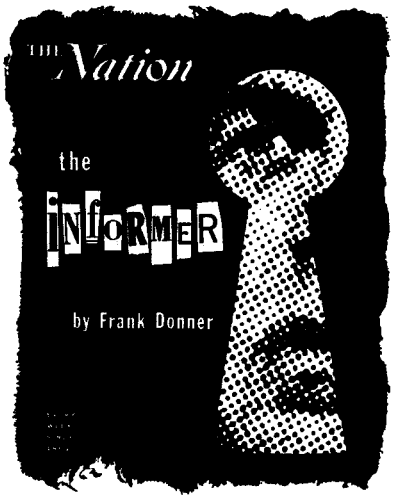
Spontaneous American gesture

Because of this, a committee of Americans—belonging to the Catholic, Protestant and Jewish faiths—have started The American Fund for Westminster Abbey. The Hon. Winthrop W. Aldrich is honorary chairman, with Morris L. Ernst, William V. Griffin and Langdon P. Marvin as co-chairmen. The goal is $280,000.

This appeal is addressed to those many friends of Britain in this country who feel that the Abbey is part of their own heritage—and would like to have a hand in making it secure.

Contributions in pounds or dollars are tax-deductible. They should be sent to The English-Speaking Union (Abbey Fund), 19 East 54th St., New York 22.

A Man to Reckon With!



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To the Editor: Congratulations to *The Reporter* magazine on five years of service to the cause of reason and common sense in public affairs. I trust that *The Reporter* will continue to perform this service for many years to come.

HARRY S. TRUMAN
Independence, Missouri

To the Editor: During the five years of its publication, *The Reporter* has certainly stimulated a large amount of discussion, debate, and dissent. That makes *The Reporter* significant because it is discussion, debate, and dissent that give vitality to our society. More power to you!

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Chairman of the Board
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To the Editor: During its first five years, *The Reporter* has proven to be a stimulating and influential publication. Your special articles on such subjects as the China Lobby, wiretapping, and the close working relationships between Communists and fascists in certain European countries have been truly outstanding.

WALTER P. REUTHER
President
Congress of Industrial Organizations

To the Editor: *The Reporter* is publishing material which would not otherwise be published, and most important and significant material it is. Its editor and publisher is one of the heroes of the resistance to fascism. In the crucible he felt the fires that are again threatening the free world from within as well as from without. His talents as a scholar have been brilliantly adapted to his current career. To him and to *The Reporter* I send my warmest wishes.

WILLIAM BENTON
Publisher
The Encyclopaedia Britannica

To the Editor: Congratulations on the journalistic progress of *The Reporter*. You have done some particularly useful and striking work during your short life, and I hope it can be kept up as the years go on.

RALPH E. FLANDERS
U.S. Senate

To the Editor: The sanity and fairness with which *The Reporter* examines and reports on the facts and ideas of our times has made it a valuable addition to that independent journalism without which sanity and fairness would not long survive. Its fifth anniversary merits congratulations and best wishes for a long life of continuing growth and usefulness.

MARK ETHRIDGE
Publisher
The Louisville *Courier-Journal*

To the Editor: Because of our special interest we have been particularly aware of the civil liberties articles, which we think have been excellent. The series on wiretapping and the recent articles on the Federal employee security program were particularly outstanding, and I am sure did a great deal to clarify, for the public, the grave civil liberties problems that are now besetting the nation.

PATRICK MURPHY MALIN
Executive Director
American Civil Liberties Union

To the Editor: Congratulations and best wishes on the occasion of *The Reporter's* fifth anniversary.

FRANK STANTON
President
The Columbia Broadcasting System

To the Editor: As a regular reader of *The Reporter*, I am convinced it fills a much needed position in interpretive journalism and editorial thought.

RALPH MCGILL
Editor
The Atlanta *Constitution*

A COMMENT FROM THE USIA

To the Editor: I have naturally read with great interest the discerning article by William Harlan Hale entitled "We've Muffled Our Own Drums" in your April 13 issue.

With the enormous problems we have to face in trying to achieve an effective information program, especially after a House cut of $13,000,000 in our proposed budget for next year, it is comforting to allay Mr. Hale's fears about the difficulties of getting policy guidance from the State Department. In fact, this is one of the risks many cited as their chief reason for opposing separation of the U.S. Information Agency from the State Department.

Our experience since August 1 has been that we continue to get policy guidance in exactly the same way as when the information activities were within the Department. We have the same system of handling it and our relations are just as close on a personal and working basis as if we were a part of the Department. In short, we have had no difficulty whatever on this score.

I would go somewhat further than Mr. Hale's closing remarks about the content and substance of our information work. We know that our efforts and activities are necessarily conditioned on the policies and actions of the United States. Words alone are meaningless. If these policies and actions are beneficial to our interests then we believe we can enhance their effectiveness and value, but the content will never be more meaningful than these same actions and policies.

THEODORE C. STREIBERT
Director
U.S. Information Agency
Washington

WITCH-FINDER REVISITED

To the Editor: I read with interest the extract on "The Witch-Finder General" published in the April 13 issue of *The*

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Reporter. Unfortunately, Charles Mackay—writing two centuries after the events described—is one of the least reliable sources on the subject of Mathew Hopkins. Consequently the passage you reprinted is stuffed with errors.

To begin with, Mathew Hopkins never did any witch finding in Sussex. Suffolk was the scene of his most energetic efforts, he being a lawyer in the town of Ipswich.

Secondly, the practice was to "swim" witches and not, as Mackay states, to drown them. The sheet in which the suspects were wrapped was dragged *through* the river or pond in which they were "swum." If the sheet had enough air in it to prevent the person from sinking, that person was guilty. If, however, he sank, he was set free after the immersion with his reputation vindicated. There was no question of letting the innocent drown—although some died from the aftereffects of the ducking.

Thirdly, in Mathew Hopkins' Suffolk witch hunt, the victims were not "sent to the stake." They were hanged, not burned.

Fourthly, it is by no means certain that Mathew Hopkins met his end by being himself "swum." Sir Walter Scott, in his "Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft," states that he was, in fact, swum by "some gentleman," that he floated, and so met his end. Other authorities state that he died peacefully in his home.

I might add that the Reverend Mr. Gaul, who led the attack against witch-finding in general and Mathew Hopkins in particular, was himself a believer in witches and witchcraft. However, a strong sense of proportion enabled him to write: "Every old woman with a wrinkled face, a furred brow, a gobber tooth, a squint eye, a squeaking voice, or a scolding tongue, having a rugged coate on her back, a skull-cap on her head, a spindle in her hand, and a dog or cat by her side, is not only suspected but pronounced for a witch."

KEITH IRVINE
New York

WARMANSHIP

To the Editor: I would like to point out a misconception that was revealed in the brief review of Ewen Montagu's book *The Man Who Never Was* in the April 13 issue of *The Reporter.* Your reviewer's concluding remarks on the value of secrecy (implying that the British have made a mistake in publicizing their masterly bluff of planting a corpse with a briefcase full of false information on the Germans in 1943) are in direct contradiction to the one paramount principle of game theory, as presented in von Neumann and Morgenstern's *Theory of Games and Economic Behavior,* or in the popularization of this book, McDonald's *Strategy in Poker, Business and War.*

The purpose of a bluff in a poker game is dual. To win a pot on a weak hand is only a secondary purpose. The primary purpose is to be caught bluffing, so that when you really have a strong hand, your opponent will not fold and you capitalize on it. This concept of mixed strategy is directly applicable to strategies of war.

CHRISTOPHER SHERMAN
Princeton, New Jersey

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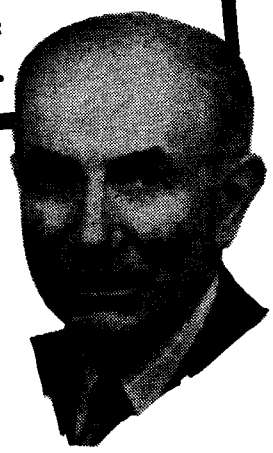

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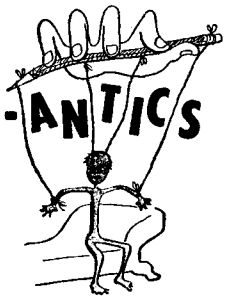

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How Low Can We Sink?

PERHAPS THE TIME has come for those of us who can still do it to make an "agonizing reappraisal" of our country's role in the community of nations and our government's role in the life of its citizens. "Agonizing" is the right word for at least *this* reappraisal. Our country's prestige abroad is going down, and this prestige is more than half of our power. Our leaders never tire of proclaiming their devotion to the sacred principles of individual liberty, while at the same time a presumption of guilt toward an ever-increasing number of citizens becomes the law of the land. How many new, ugly practices have come to be taken for granted by all of us? How far below our standards have we fallen? The hope never dies that the bottom has been reached. Then something happens, like the case of Robert Oppenheimer.

The authority of our nation is dissipated in the resounding verbosity of our statesmen and the unending contradiction of their pronouncements. These pronouncements have a telling quality—but what is told is not what is intended. The emphasis on the deterrent power of atomic or hydrogen weapons deters our friends from following our government's leadership. There was a measure of instant retaliation against us all over the civilized world as soon as the devastating power of the latest Bikini tests became known—a widespread revulsion against our country that must have singularly pleased the Russians, who possess but do not rattle similar weapons. When will American opinion wake up to the reasons that make all these "long-range" plans pay off instantly in terms of lowered American prestige?

Diplomatic and Security Risks

Under a tyrannical form of government the knowledge of the rulers' misdeeds is kept from the public and then buried in the ultimate catastrophe—as we learned when Hitler fell. The test of freedom lies in the fact that alert citizens can see each decision as it is taken by the men in power and assess individual responsibilities.

There is nothing that can properly be called tyranny in America today. Yet there has been for quite some time an extraordinary haziness in the air. It is becoming increasingly hard to see, and denounce, the mistakes made by the men in power, probably because a great deal of public attention is taken by a hypnotic absorption in mistakes other men might have made some years ago.

THIS CONDITION of things has been accentuated by the Eisenhower Administration. But a widespread and uncritical acceptance of slogans like "diplomacy from a position of strength" long preceded the Republicans' descent on Washington. That has been a particularly dangerous slogan, carrying the implication that while strength is being built, diplomacy—at least as far as the Communists are concerned—can take a holiday. For years the diplomacy of our government has been a carbon copy of its strategy. The strategy, in turn, has been to a great extent decided in intraparty caucuses, with the assistance of serviceable generals and accommodating admirals.

The responsibility of checking and criticizing the course of American foreign policy has largely fallen upon our Allies. This has at the same time strained the alliance of the countries closest to us—first of all, Great Britain—and encouraged those Congressional politicians who, impatient with Allied criticisms or restraints, would not mind breaking our ties with the democracies.

Secretary Dulles has developed this wide-open soapbox diplomacy with dazzling skill. He has become the major spokesman for our strategy, and has embarked on what is now being called "risk diplomacy." Yet he is too sensible a man not to feel how our prestige with our Allies is sagging and how all the old and new slogans of psychological or political warfare boomerang on us. He is constantly on the move. Just a while ago he came back from a hurried trip to London and Paris. His avowed aim was to gain from the British and French governments their consent to a strong stop-or-else warning to Red China. He came back with the assurance that a

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research project on the subject would soon be launched. The papers hailed the new Dulles success.

IT IS DIFFICULT to see how this foreign policy of sloganeering can avoid, at the very least, breaking up the system of our alliances. The blunders of our leaders, the outlandish declarations of that matchless man, Secretary Wilson, follow each other so fast that even if they are seen distinctly, one by one, they are bound to be overshadowed by the new outpouring next week. No rational criticism can cope adequately with this massive thoughtlessness.

In the same way it has become nearly impossible to deal effectively with all the violations of our liberties these last few years. Ours is an exceedingly untheoretical country, and, for all its devotion to the supreme principles of the Constitution, the greatest lawmaking power is that of the facts brought about by men in high office. Many a Member of Congress or head of a government agency has learned how to multiply with newsworthiness the habit-making power of his antics, and exert an influence on the behavior of the people that never could be equaled by any conscientious job of lawmaking.

Who can measure how far below the level of our Constitutional standards we have sunk since the idea of "security risk" came into our lives—the idea of the never-ending investigation, of the never-clear clearances, of the "unevaluated reports" with "derogatory information" ever piling up? We must go on living our unevaluated existences with their trail of derogatory information, for obviously, according to the principles that ruthless men have established, there is no statute of limitations for gossip and malice.

Deviation and Sabotage

Then something occurs, like the Oppenheimer case, that gives the nation a jolt. Will it make us put a stop to the whole ghastly thing, or will it drag us even further down?

Oppenheimer's answer to the outrageous letter of General Nichols was itself a remarkable document. In it Oppenheimer felt compelled to defend his "emotional commitment" in the Loyalists' plight in the Spanish civil war, together with his left-wing associations at that time. Some of Oppenheimer's most outspoken defenders went further and excused him by calling him politically childish.

Where was the childishness? That was a tragic, prophetic war, where horrible cruelties were committed by both antagonists. On one side were people who loved freedom and fought for it, people surrounded by Communist intriguers who in the end let the republic down. On the other side there was no mixture of good and evil—only tyranny and greed. Indeed, Oppenheimer would not be the man he is now, would not have had the strength he needed to lead the scientists at Los Alamos, if his passion for republican Spain had not given him the full measure of how devastatingly powerful tyranny is. There are quite a few useful men in public life who before Pearl Harbor were America Firsters. Was this less of a deviation from sound Americanism than support of republican Spain?

Oppenheimer also denied having lobbied with other atomic scientists against the H-bomb project. But supposing he had, wouldn't he have been doing just what is done every day, with a vengeance, by irrepressible Air Force generals and high-powered admirals? Certainly it should be no crime for a man to have his scientific, gadgeteering skill restrained and weighed down by his conscience.

Oppenheimer and his friends probably foresaw that, given the national temper, it could be extraordinarily dangerous to indulge in super-reliance on super-weapons. Moreover, our nation owes much of its strength to the fact that it leads a coalition; and the greater the disparity between our weapons and those of our Allies, the more likely our Allies are to move away from us. They think, and rightly, that there can be no common effort without common weapons and common defenses.

Or perhaps Oppenheimer, by miscalculating the difficulty of making the H-bomb and warning against the political damage it could do us exposed himself to indictment as a "saboteur." That is the word the Russians use in their trials.

DID Admiral Strauss and President Eisenhower know what they were doing when they took their action against Oppenheimer? Did they know the meaning, the precedent-establishing power of their action? Does the President realize the danger the country is running?

The danger to our country is not represented by McCarthy or by any potential or would-be dictator. In fact, these days, Joe McCarthy seems to be pushed aside just as Oppenheimer was pushed aside. The danger to our country is of a tyranny without a tyrant—an ever-mounting, impersonal, thoughtless oppression. There is no *Mein Kampf* lying around ready to be translated into law. But the facts are piling up, the habits are being established, and they all point the same way: to a stultifying debasement of national standards.

The President, however, goes on talking about the glory of the individual. A few months ago he said: "The Statue of Liberty is not tired, and not because it is made of bronze. It's because no matter what happens, here the individual is dignified because he is created in the image of God. Let's not forget it."

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Does the Superbomb Add to Our Security?

RALPH E. LAPP

Weapons development has at last reached a point where a bomb is considered "big enough." This, in effect, is what President Eisenhower said at his press conference on April 7. To military men the description means "big enough" for any conceivable target. To many laymen it means "big enough" to rule out use of the bomb in war.

The hope that more powerful weapons might put an end to war is not new. It was, for example, uppermost in the mind of the late Henry L. Stimson when he reported to President Truman on April 25, 1945: "Within four months we shall in all probability have completed the most terrible weapon ever known in human history, one bomb of which could destroy a whole city."

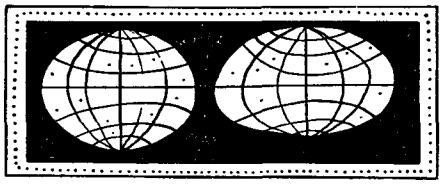
Secretary of War Stimson lived to see his prediction come true, but he also lived to see the world divided by an abyss made wider and deeper because of the atomic bomb. One wonders if Mr. Stimson could have foreseen the repetition of history that occurred nine years after his conference with President Truman, when Rear Admiral Lewis L. Strauss reported to President Eisenhower the results of the 1954 Pacific bomb tests.

"The nature of an H-bomb," Admiral Strauss remarked, "is that, in effect, it can be made as large as you wish—large enough to take out a city." The AEC chairman then defined "a city" as "any city," including a metropolitan area even as large as New York.

The Atomic Arsenal

In the almost nine years since Hiroshima the United States has amassed a huge stockpile of atomic-bomb material. This stockpile is being enlarged at an ever-increasing pace. The AEC will spend eighty per cent of its next fiscal year's $1,237,337,000 appropriation for weapons. We have diversified the atomic bomb into a whole family of bombs, ranging from small or tactical A-bombs to high-power strategic A-bombs. The latter have been described by President Eisenhower as having twenty-five times the power of the Hiroshima A-bomb.

Today the atomic stockpile includes thousands of A-bombs. Since some are small, others are of medium power, and still others are city-buster models, it would be meaningless to estimate the atomic stockpile



unless one knew exactly how many of each kind there were. Such an inventory is, of course, secret.

It is no secret, however, that the total destructive capability of our stockpile is fantastic. The usual way of measuring nuclear explosiveness is by the number of tons of T.N.T. that would produce the same blast effect if exploded simultaneously in one place. Thus, the Hiroshima bomb was equal to 20,000 tons of T.N.T., or 20 kilotons. This writer estimates that if all of the atomic stockpile could be exploded as one bomb (which, fortunately, it can't), the resulting explosion would equal about half a billion tons of T.N.T. This is over two hundred times the power of all the high-explosive bombs dropped on Germany during the last war.

This, then, was essentially the condition of the nuclear arsenal prior to the H-bomb. The size of the stockpile was limited by time and by the cost required to operate billion-dollar installations like Oak Ridge. In the final analysis the limitation was only one of Congressional appropriations.

Megatons and Megabucks

The first test of a true hydrogen or fusion device, on November 1, 1952, removed this limitation. On that date, a device equal to 5 million tons of T.N.T. (5 megatons) was detonated. The term "device" is used to draw a distinction between an experimental nuclear mechanism and an operational weapon, but with this explosion it became possible to design megaton-class weapons which, although not cheap, nonetheless did not depend for the bulk of their energy upon the enormously costly atomic production processes.

In effect, the achievements at Eniwetok in the fall of 1952 meant "more bang per buck," or, more accurately, "more megatons per megabuck." They did not, however, make A-bombs obsolete. Nor did they mean that any A-bomb could be simply converted into an H-bomb.

That A-bombs are not obsolete can be demonstrated in two ways. We may make an excursion into the forbidden technology of thermonuclear physics and show that an H-bomb requires for its fabrication the equivalent of a sizable number of A-bombs. However, the writer would then almost certainly be accused of giving away H-secrets which, happily, he has never had.

A-bombs still have current value simply because there is a limited number of worthwhile uses for superbombs. A bigger weapon is not al-

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ways a better weapon. Nor does a bigger weapon do away with the need for smaller weapons. The Big Bertha, for example, did not put the carbine or machine gun into discard.

A-bombs will continue to be the mainstay of our atomic arsenal because they can be adapted to a wide range of delivery techniques. And the ability to deliver modern weapons transcends in importance the weapons themselves.

Deliverability

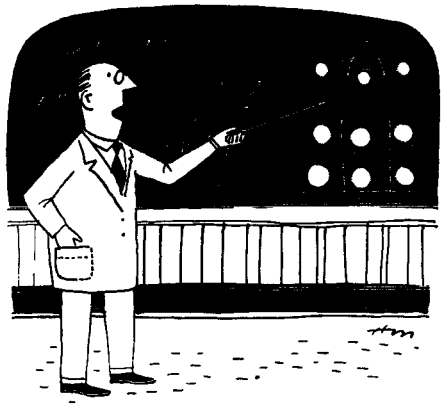
A weapon is of no value if it cannot be delivered. In this sense the bomber is more important than the bomb. The hydrogen device detonated on November 1, 1952, could only be called deliverable if it were actually incorporated into a plane like the B-36 bomber, which would be flown as a drone and its explosive load detonated by remote control. Such a delivery technique would hardly be compatible with the known air defenses of the Soviet Union.

During 1953 the hydrogen device was transformed into a droppable bomb. The urgency of this development increased when in August of last year the Soviets detonated their own fusion weapon—a device comparable in power to our 1952 device but different in its technology.

The Soviets scored a double surprise: First, they successfully tested their first fusion bomb long before we believed it possible. Second, their atomic experts did not duplicate our line of development but rather took a new avenue of approach to weapon design. Information about the Soviet bomb was picked up by the most fabulous intelligence effort ever organized; we not only detected the test but actually analyzed the composition of the Soviet bomb.

From this point on it became a question not of weapon power but of *deliverability*. The bomb we exploded on March 1, 1954, which so bedazzled Japanese tuna fishermen seventy-one miles away, was an air-dropped bomb.

The power of the March 1 bomb, as revealed by Congressional sources, was between 600 and 700 times more than that of the Hiroshima bomb. Such an explosion, equal to 12 to 14 megatons of T.N.T., is roughly twenty-five times more powerful than the most powerful A-bomb yet announced. Whether this H-bomb can be adapted as the warhead for a missile is open to question. For the future a propelled missile is almost a necessity for delivery of the bomb. This does not mean initially a long-range missile, but one that can be launched fifty to one hundred miles away from the target. Penetration of a bomber inside this radius would



be rendered extremely hazardous by interception missiles.

The ultimate in superbombs has not yet been reached, and President Eisenhower indicated at his press conference on April 7 that we had no intention of seeing how big they could be built. A bomb of the power of 100 megatons might be built, but it would be a dinosaur-type weapon. Scientists estimate that when the bomb power reaches about 50 megatons, the phenomenon of atmospheric "blowout" will occur. Just as a depth charge in water vents much of its energy upward, a similar effect in air would put a final limit to the outward blast.

As a result of the H-tests, the United States now has a deliverable thermonuclear weapon whose power is measured in tens of megatons. For practical purposes we can regard a 10-megaton H-bomb as a military weapon. A production rate of one such bomb per week would seem entirely feasible. On this basis the United States could stockpile by the end of the year H-bombs equal in power to all the A-bombs produced during the past decade. *Then the U.S.A. would have in its arsenal the equivalent of a billion tons of T.N.T.*

What H-Bombs Can't Do

When Admiral Strauss commented on the enormous potential added to our military might, he was, then, quite correct in an arithmetical sense. However, an adding machine is not the proper instrument to total up this firepower. Fifty H-bombs may equal five thousand A-bombs in power, but they will not have equal military value.

Consider, for example, the damage area for a 10-megaton H-bomb. Such an explosion will do moderate damage over a total area of four hundred square miles, i.e., a circle twenty-two miles across. In comparison the biggest A-bomb has a corresponding damage area of forty square miles, i.e., a circle seven miles in diameter. The latter weapon would be suited to all but a very few targets. That is why former AEC member Dr. Robert F. Bacher concluded: "Quantities of hydrogen bombs will not contribute very much to the security of the United States." Dr. Bacher made this statement four years ago. Since then the H-bomb has become cheaper to produce than was anticipated, but the potential targets have not changed. Dr. Bacher's thesis is still true today. Equal increments of security are not added with each new bomb produced for the simple reason that once the stockpile is large enough, there will be no more potential targets.

Let us now suppose that potential targets exist for three hundred medium-power A-bombs. Even allowing for the exigencies of delivery and the importance of reserves, it becomes clear that a stockpile numbered in the low thousands would more than suffice. Here it should be noted that three hundred medium-power A-bombs on target could produce in one night five times as much destruction as three years' aerial bombing created in Germany during the last war. This does not mean that we should have fixed an upper limit to the stockpile and stopped there. No two generals would have agreed how many bombs were "enough." However, many serious individuals feared that our preoccupation with the stockpile would produce a false sense of security. They felt that the making of more bombs and of more potent bombs was only one factor in deterring the Soviets. The ability to deliver the weapons was still more important, and since ours was essentially a retaliatory or *second-blow*

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effort, the ability to ward off and absorb the enemy's *first blow* became still more important.

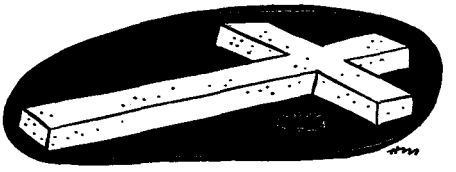
The Bypassing Strategy

It is an abstration to think of deterrents purely in numbers of nuclear weapons. It is a double abstraction to view the problem as retaliation with these weapons. Certainly the men in the Kremlin would not measure deterrents solely in numbers of bombs and bombers. The problem involves an intricate interplay of Soviet offense and defense—not to mention Soviet strategies to bypass the use of nuclear weapons entirely.

Perhaps the bypassing strategies should be mentioned first, since the Soviets have been under the shadow of our atomic sword for most of the postwar era, yet have scarcely been deterred from aggression. It is true that no world war has broken out, but it is equally true that the Soviets and their cohorts have acquired vast tracts of real estate during this period. It is only reasonable to expect that the Soviets will use strategy to circumvent the H-bomb just as they did the A-bomb. Obviously, the H-bomb is not a weapon applicable to Korea or Indo-China.

SINCE by its very nature a democracy can never strike first, we must examine the problem with special emphasis upon the Soviets unleashing the initial attack. Key elements in any Soviet decision to stage a massive raid upon the continental United States would be the Soviet air-atomic capability of staging the raid; the status of our continental defenses and the Soviet estimate of this status; the Soviet estimate of the degree of destruction possible from the raid; and the extent to which the facilities of our Strategic Air Command could be knocked out.

Soviet air-atomic capability involves two major unknowns—the number of bombs and the number and quality of the bombers. Our knowledge of the quality of Soviet atomic weapons is far better than our data on their quantity. The principal stumbling block is that there is no way of knowing how the Soviets divide their production between A- and H-bombs. The writer believes that if the Soviets used half of their present stockpile in strategic bombardment, about two hundred of our military and civilian targets could be hit hard. Less accurate data are available about the Soviet ADD (the equivalent of our Strategic Air Command) heavy bombers. The Soviet Union is said to have 1,800 Tu-4 bombers, which are improved versions of our B-29. But it is also credited by British Intelligence with having several hundred more mod-



ern turboprop bombers. Whether or not the ADD planners would commit the aging Tu-4s to an attack upon the United States depends upon how strong a continental defense they would expect to encounter.

Continental Defense

The United States has been very laggard about erecting the sound substance of a continental defense. In part this is because of dominant thinking in the Air Force that the best defense is a good offense, and in part because of a mass reluctance to acknowledge the need for continental defense. We have, in effect, regarded the atomic bomb as a one-way weapon. The high-powered scientific analysis made by Project LINCOLN, plus considerable public demand for air defense, finally jolted the Defense Department into assigning priority to the task.

Air defense can be summed up as "Detect, identify, track, and kill." Detection of intruding aircraft is the job of early-warning radar. An airborne radar umbrella of special patrol aircraft forms our northernmost warning network, and is now being strengthened. The main reliance, however, will be placed upon ground stations in the Arctic. Both sides of the northerly continental approaches will eventually be guarded by naval patrol craft. When the system is complete two years from now, it is expected to be capable of giving a six-hour warning of impending attack.

The most costly and most important phase of air defense is physical interception. Our present capability is estimated at no better than a fifteen to twenty per cent "kill" under good conditions. This batting average will go up as more all-weather jets are assigned to continental defense and as new killer missiles are developed. However, to achieve "kill" rates of up to ninety per cent requires greater proportionate expenditures. One authoritative report fixed upon an annual cost of $8 billion for continental defense of this type. It must be emphasized that a Soviet attack with H-bombs would place a more stringent requirement upon our continental defenses, since a relatively few aircraft getting through could produce the same effect as a greater number of the same planes carrying A-bombs.

This brings us to the last element in the Soviet decision to attack the continental United States—the vulnerability of our Strategic Air Command bases. Little has been written about this vulnerability. It is obviously vitally important that these bases should not be subject to being knocked out by a surprise blow. They constitute the heart of our retaliatory power, and if they were put out of commission the Soviets would not have to worry about massive instant retaliation.

Bases from which our atomic retaliation could be launched fall into three groups: first, the close-in medium bomber bases in Europe, chiefly designed for tactical or semistrategic missions; second, bases like those in French Morocco, whose cost is estimated in excess of $120 million each; third, bases in this country. Overseas bases suffer from the serious defect of being built upon political quicksand. Action by a foreign government could deny us use of these facilities, thus throwing reliance upon the lesser number of domestic bases. It is known that General Curtis LeMay of the Strategic Air Command has argued strongly for more bases of the latter type and for more intercontinental bombers precisely because he fears political denial of overseas installations. However, putting the SAC on a truly intercontinental striking basis would be tremendously expensive. The bases themselves cost in the neighborhood of $50 million each, and the long-range heavy bombers of the B-52 type are still in too early a stage

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of production to make possible a firm estimate of their cost.

OTHER FACTORS are involved in determining whether or not the Russians will be deterred. These pertain to the Soviet homeland, its targets, and its defenses. Viewed as a collection of targets, the Soviet Union is less vulnerable than the United States because industry has been so systematically dispersed. But the Soviets know that their country could ultimately be laid waste by a rain of atomic weapons—provided that we could deliver the bombs.

Here we come to the biggest unknown of all—the status of the Soviet air defenses. We do know that the Russians have divided their country into five major industrial areas and have concentrated their defenses accordingly. We know that they are proficient in radar, as evidenced by the accuracy of their radar-aimed gunfire in Korea. Less well known, however, is the coverage of the Soviet radar warning system. And a very large unknown is the state of the guided-missile art in Soviet Russia. Although our own defensive developments have been laggard, there is no reason to assume that the Soviets have been equally slow in this regard. First, the Soviets have had greater motivation for defensive efforts because our atomic sword has hung over them for so long. Second, they have had the great advantage of importing many of the German missile experts. One of the many unique things about possible atomic-blitz warfare is that the time scale will probably be so compressed that if the enemy introduces a radical new weapon or technique there will be no time to develop a counter to it. This makes the development of weapons systems an incredibly complex undertaking.

The 'New Look'

The American policy of reliance on massive instant retaliation is a tardy restatement of the Churchillian thesis of "peace through mutual terror." The whole concept of retaliation has been presented to the American people in oversimplified terms. Especially oversimplified has been the cost of keeping the terror mutual. The "New Look" in defense has been the rationale for reductions in our Armed Forces, especially in the Army and Navy budgets.

From a financial viewpoint the "New Look" is not a cut-rate defense. This truth will become more evident as time passes and the full consequences of "mutual terror" sink in. So far we have paid only the first installments on our ability to deliver atomic weapons. These payments must be kept up, year after year, in increasing amounts as old matériel becomes obsolete and new is procured. And we are only beginning to pay the costs associated with being on the receiving end of mutual terror. Americans will demand more and more continental defense. Vast sums will be required for the protection of American industry and for civilian defense.

From a military viewpoint the "New Look" may not even be good defense, for if it is carried to the extreme it will mean that the United States will be prepared to fight only one kind of war—a war with A- and H-bombs. Exasperation with Korean or Indo-Chinese episodes or inability to deal with such situations may actually tend to precipitate the outbreak of global war.

MEANWHILE the American people are kept in the dark as to the true nature of our predicament or are fed sugar-coated reassurances. Men in high office are reported unwilling to tell the ugly facts for fear that the American people will panic. Do they fear panic or an upset of their plan to balance the budget?

The Technician and the Terror: 'A Simple Flip of the Wrist'

MICHAEL AMRINE

FOR SOME TIME it has been a notion of mine that when the world does come to an end, some announcer will tell us, "We wish to thank our sponsor for having relinquished his time in order to bring you the news of the cloud which is now spreading through Minnesota . . ."

This idea is supported by a movie script I am currently reading. The title of the movie is "Operation IVY." The running time is twenty-eight minutes, and the film is the now-famous Air Force production dealing with the November, 1952, explosion of the hydrogen bomb known as "Mike."

The title page notes that "All music used in the film is original and was scored and recorded by the U.S. Air Force band." It adds that all clearances are held in the files of an Air Force laboratory located at 8935 Wonderland Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Inside this script from Wonderland Avenue, Hollywood, we find the following dialogue between an otherwise unidentified Narrator and a Mr. Stan Burris, introduced to us as the "commander" of the "scientific task force group." This is all familiar, as most narrators have become faceless and most scientists have become commanders. I ask you only to notice that their dialogue in the shadow of the almighty bomb has the same zest as the TV man's pitch for razor blades. This enthusiasm for technique is a virtue of our age and perhaps its fatal vice.

HERE is how the NARRATOR "picks it up": Now, as you can imagine, feeling is running pretty high about now—and there is reason for it. If everything goes according to plan we'll soon see the largest explosion ever set off on the face of the earth. That is, the largest we know of . . . Oh, Stan, I wonder if you could tell us something about the operations. . .

STAN: Sure, I'd be glad to. The TV screens you see in front of you will enable us to monitor the timing

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and firing system. If you look close you will see that it is now fifty-five minutes before H hour . . . data from the sequence timer is piped over to a display panel . . . this close view is possible, of course, because the lens of a TV camera rather than human eyes is watching events . . .

NARRATOR: A very ingenious arrangement. But what happens if you have to stop the firing mechanism—or can you stop it?

STAN: We can stop it all right if we have to . . . We have a radio link direct to the firing panel . . . if we have to stop the shot we simply push this button.

NARRATOR: Just a simple flip of the wrist, huh?

STAN: That's right. But a lot of work goes down the drain. You understand, we don't want to stop this thing unless it is absolutely essential.

NARRATOR: Yes, I can understand that.

NOW WHAT do we have here? I believe that we have a fine example of the triumph of technique over terror, and a very revealing clue as to the spirit in which humanity will proceed to the edge of the ledge—and over.

We could stop this thing with a flip of the wrist—or perhaps with two flips, one in Washington and one in Moscow. But while the wrists remain limp we retain the advantage that our technical work does not go down the drain.

The Baby and the Mushroom

The truly symbolic photograph of our time is not of the mushroom but of the crying Chinese baby. You have seen this famous photograph. It dates back to the Japanese attack on China, but it reappears periodically in war-relief drives and in the camera anthologies.

Very simply and dramatically the crying Chinese baby photograph shows an infant sitting amid the ruins of a railway station. Bombs are still falling. The baby is stained with dirt and blood, and its face is so contorted that you can almost hear its cry competing with the roar of the bombing planes.

But the point of the picture is not what it shows *before* the lens, but what it shows of civilization on our side of the lens.

Some photographer surmounted his primal fear to go to work through that bombing, and he held his camera steady. And long before that bombing he had learned that the news, the picture, the flash, the smash, the story was the important thing. The *picture* of the emotion is everything; the emotion is secondary. So he did not do as men in ages past would have done. He did not do what men in ages to come, if man survives the era that produced his technique, may do.

He did not rush to pick up the

baby and take it out of danger. He first took its picture.

This is the triumph and tragedy of our age, and we see it everywhere.

SO IT IS with the big news today of the hydrogen bomb.

Preceding the great news—which consisted of the release of movies almost two years old—the press of the world outside the United States had been filled with protests over the latest American experimentation.

Little accidents occasionally mar the frictionless forward march of science. This time a party of Japanese fishermen had gotten in the way of some "ashes" falling from the skies. We are all indebted to these fishermen and their accident, for it was only because of the resultant protest that the President of the United States and his chief atomic technician, Admiral Lewis L. Strauss, held a press conference in which they told us more than the traditional "A thermonuclear device has been tested."

But they still told us very little.

The outcries from the British, who know something about bombing, had led to an editorial reaction not fully reported in this country. Even the *Times* of London said that nothing would be lost by a pause in the experiments, and the *Daily Herald,* the Labour Party paper, ran front-page editorials under headings such as STOP THAT BOMB!

Although the British invented radar and the jet plane, they do not place in gadgets the confidence that we do; they cannot understand the idea of central heating, they loathe the juke box, and they fail to see that the H-bomb can replace the Goddess of Liberty as the enlightenment of the world.

But when the Admiral came back from the Pacific and spoke at the President's press conference, what reply was given to the world's fears?

The Admiral gave a technician's report. The radiation safety precautions had worked perfectly; the fishermen had made a mistake. They were out of place within a danger zone. Yes, a bomb could "take out" (the Admiral's phrase) a city. But have no fear that the bomb will get out of control; it is a physical impossibility.

What of our desire to work with urgency for a peaceful world? No answer. What of our understanding of the fact that another country has H-bombs and our cities also can be assassinated, as were Hiroshima and Nagasaki? There is no answer except the click of gears and the tick of dials, which are working better with each experiment.

Click-Click-Click

What do we say in answer to the cry we hear?

Our cameras are working fine, and no one is yet ready to pick up the baby.

After the Strauss report we released the movie starring an H-bomb named "Mike," and Mike's interpreters, Stan and the Narrator.

WHERE will it end?

The pattern is clear. The automatons will live after us; that vanity will be our triumph.

The basic seeds, pulsing with the fantastic natural force of fission or fusion, will be placed in delicate cradles, surrounded by firing mechanisms truly fabulous in their cost and intricacy. Thousands of men will have worked on their fabrication and their last-minute preparation.

When all is ready to bring forth

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the frightful flower from the plutonium or hydrogen, the seeds will be left alone in a solitary tower on the desert or or a sandpit. From miles away, men will watch the dials or the empty sky.

Interlocked wheels will gravely turn, metal fingers will glide along predetermined points. Circuits will close to interweave the threads that must produce the mushroom pattern miles high against the sky.

On some bright day the scientists will have been wrong. Perhaps a madman will sit where Malenkov sits; perhaps a man even less imaginative than our technician Strauss will be sitting in the marble palace of the atom on Constitution Avenue.

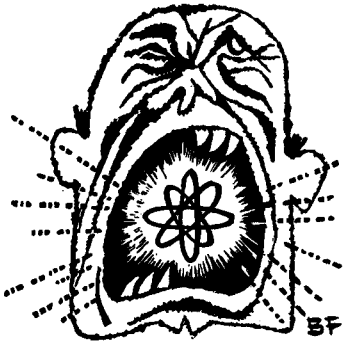
Perhaps the wind will have been wrong; we all know the weather men can be wrong, though within the range of probabilities they always know, they always know.

But if our wrists remain limp, some day the slip will come. That will not be the end of our civilization.

THE PILOTLESS planes will still take off automatically to record the radiation data no human eye will scan. The movie cameras will make their record, and the television screen in the control booth will flicker like a live thing.

Our techniques will move the wheels after our hearts and wrists have ceased from action; in fact, *today* the wheels revolve and we do not move. Who can reverse the dials, put down the camera, or stop the phonograph record?

The automatic player runs so beautifully, and the controls are so fascinating, who can listen to the warning that we shall not hear the end of the record when the final bomb is going off, bomb is going off, bomb is going off, bomb is going off is going



AT HOME & ABROAD

The Twilight Of Sir Winston Churchill

H. G. NICHOLAS

THE House of Commons is a theater in which any kind of drama can be staged. No one knows this better than that oldest of Parliamentary troupers, Sir Winston Churchill. In his own time he has provided every kind of performance—"tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral." But on April 5 the Labour Party brought up a motion on the hydrogen bomb, and presented him with one of those opportunities which come only once in the lives of most performers. Everything was perfect: a great theme, an expectant yet sympathetic audience, a general awareness that what was said would echo not only round the world but also down the arcades of history.

In Clement Attlee, who as Opposition leader opened the debate, he had his perfect foil—low-toned and monochromatic, holding the ear of the House by his evident sincerity and integrity, yet obviously only building up the tension against the moment when the Queen's First Minister would enter on cue. Sir Winston entered—and at first the lines unrolled according to expectation. His audience listened in absorbed silence, serious, responsive, following not as Labourites or Tories but as anxious citizens of a troubled island and a threatened civilization, proudly hopeful that this old man under whom they had weathered great storms before would have some counsel to give them now that would fend off potential disaster.

BUT SUDDENLY the scene was transformed. Where a moment earlier the Prime Minister had been brooding on man and his destiny, he was suddenly crossing swords with backbenchers, rebutting radio critics, reviving old feuds. His audience suddenly divided into rows of embarrassed Conservatives behind him and tempestuous, bellowing Labour Members in front. Finally, after a mounting series of exchanges with Attlee, there came the most wounding blow of all. Sir Robert Boothby, one of the more independent-minded and respected of the Prime Minister's own supporters, rose from the silent ranks of Tory backbenchers and stalked, six feet of mutely eloquent protest, out of the Chamber while his leader was still speaking.

Eventually the storm subsided, and Sir Winston reached his unexceptionable peroration in comparative calm. But the harm had been done, and the story that every correspondent rushed to put on the wires, irrespective of the paper he worked for, was the story of how Sir Winston, ripe with age and honors, had thrown away a great occasion for the sake of a party advantage that turned out to be a party disaster.

The *Daily Telegraph*, the quasi-official Conservative Party organ, remarked that the House of Commons had not witnessed a comparable scene since 1940. It was an ominous year to cite, recalling the occasion on which a previous Conservative leader, Neville Chamberlain, had been told "In the name of God, go!"—despite the loyal defense that Churchill, then Chamberlain's own lieutenant, had put up on his behalf. When Anthony Eden rose at the end of the debate to reply for the Government and put as good a face as he could on the sad exhibition, speculation was irresistible on how soon Mr. Eden would be standing in his chief's place.

Overriding all other speculation,

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however, was the reiterated question, What had happened? How had Churchill, of all people, so misread the mood of the House? How had he, at a time and on an issue where the Opposition felt him to be almost their fifth column within the Tory Cabinet—how had he come to employ their endorsement of his own pet proposal for three-power talks as an occasion for turning on their leaders, digging into secret files, and launching sudden allegations that virtually impugned the Labourites' patriotism?

Adherents of the Cleopatra's-nose theory of history may one day be able to prove that it was all due to television. Michael Foot, one of the most assiduous Bevanite critics of Sir Winston, happens also to be one of the regular broadcasters in "Any Questions," a popular BBC television program. Venomous in print, Mr. Foot becomes a reincarnation of Robespierre when projected on a television screen. No one had previously imagined that he numbered the Prime Minister among his viewing fans, but it may be significant that it was with a quotation from Mr. Foot's latest TV tirade that Sir Winston introduced his assault on the Labour Party.

"I am attacking the British Prime Minister, the British Foreign Secretary, and the British Government because of their failure to elicit from the Americans full information," Mr. Foot had said, thereby wrapping up in one convenient explosive package an attack on the Tories and an evocation of anti-Americanism. There is no conviction Sir Winston more sedulously cherishes than that he has a record of getting along with the United States that Labour can never hope to equal. Behind the bitter (and to the layman utterly irrelevant) House of Commons exchanges over the Quebec Conference and its sequels was a poignant Churchillian awareness that from the first a hard bargain had been driven against him by his "great and good friend" Mr. Roosevelt, that the McMahon Act constituted a slap in the face for an old comrade in arms, and that in negotiating with the present Administration on atomic matters his Government is in a position of marked tactical inferiority.

In this situation a fateful temptation presented itself. It was common knowledge that Labour was divided between the Attleeites, who accept the Atlantic Alliance, EDC, and the necessity of keeping our atomic powder dry, and the Bevanites, who distrust the United States, oppose EDC, and feel that American intransigence is the main obstacle to an atomic pact. It was also common knowledge that when the Labour M.P.s had caucused four days before the hydrogen-bomb debate, only a last-minute assertion of Mr. Attlee's leadership had prevented the Bevanites from stampeding their party into a left-wing version of Mr. Dulles's "agonizing reappraisal" of the Atlantic Alliance.

The restraint that Mr. Attlee succeeded in imposing on the party in Parliament failed to stop the mouths of Bevanites in the country. They sounded off on public platforms, over the radio, and in the press; the tabloid *Daily Mirror* (which Churchill had successfully sued in the 1951 election for its accusation of "warmongering") was hailing the Eniwetok explosions as clinching proof that the Prime Minister was "too old, too tired and too bewildered" to be left in charge.

Chafing under such taunts to a degree oddly at variance with his normal behavior, Sir Winston seems to have seen an opportunity to drive a wedge into the ranks of his Labour opponents. He could taunt Bevan and his followers with acquiescing in the Labour Government's atomic policy between 1945 and 1951, and at the same time he could rebuke Mr. Attlee for his failure to maintain the same high level of Anglo-American co-operation that Mr. Churchill had established during the war years.

Sheep in Sheep's Clothing Triumphs

Finally, Churchill no doubt hoped that the reproaches he leveled against Labour for "abandoning" Britain's "just claims" would be read by sensitive consciences in the Eisenhower Administration and in Congress as having a certain applicability to them as well. Thus he would drub the Bevanites, clear his own record, and register his protest against American behavior.

But in the end it was Attlee who

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emerged as the hero of the day, rising above party to plead the national cause. The Bevanites found fresh ammunition for their belief in American chauvinism and Churchillian unteachability. Among the Conservatives serious questioning broke out about "the Old Man's" competence to lead the party and the nation. Three days later, at a by-election for a marginal Edinburgh seat, Labour increased its share of the poll from 54 per cent to 57.6, thus reversing what had been a Tory trend since last December. Had Churchill become an electoral liability?

For some time, of course, rumors had abounded about Tory backbenchers' restlessness and junior Ministers' frustration. The Tories have had their rebels too—over commercial television, officers' pensions, and, above all, the Suez base. But these were issues on which Sir Winston, for all his public severity, has been more than half in sympathy with the mutineers. Certainly they have presented no challenge to his leadership. Instead it has properly been assumed that it was for the Prime Minister alone to decide when the time had come for him to go.

Has the hydrogen-bomb debate changed this picture? Hardly. The Conservative Party does not often throw its riders. It will not do so now. But inevitably there is speculation on what Sir Winston himself intends and, above all, what will happen when he finally goes.

The Conservative Party, critics allege, is democratic until it reaches the top. Certainly the party does not believe that the selection of a leader is something to be decided by counting heads, either among the rank and file or among the party members in Parliament itself. Not once in the history of the party has there been a contested election for the leadership. Every leader has been wafted into his office by acclamation, with no vote taken and no dissent. This does not mean that no rivalries have existed beforehand, no maneuvers have preceded the final gracious enthronement. It does mean that the claims of party solidarity require that all rivalries shall be resolved and all maneuvers completed before the election of a leader is brought out into the open.

It is seldom, however, that even the opportunity for rivalry exists. Usually the retiring leader makes plain the identity of his candidate for the succession, and the laying on of hands is never disputed by the rest of the priesthood, much less by the laity. Thus when Stanley Baldwin retired in 1937 he had already made it plain that Neville Chamberlain was his Elisha by choosing him to act as his deputy in the previous year when he was ill. In such cases, if the party is in office, the outgoing Prime Minister will advise the sov-

ereign whom to invite to form a Government in his place, and the formal election to the party leadership will follow automatically.

The Heir Presumptive

Recent history might suggest that the normal jumping-off place for the Premiership is the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. Sir Winston himself had the Admiralty as his springboard, but in this, as in much else, he proved himself an exception to the rules. Both his predecessors, Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Baldwin, had been Chancellors.

Does this mean that Mr. Eden, at the Foreign Office, is ill placed for the succession? Not necessarily, because these precedents have no binding authority, least of all in a period when foreign affairs take priority even over the economic issues that dominate so much of Britain's thinking. Nonetheless, it is true that Mr. Eden's intention, trumpeted when the party was in opposition after 1945, to catch up on his homework and make himself as much master of domestic issues as of foreign affairs, has not been realized. When he speaks about economic or social issues the smell of the lamp hangs about every cliché-cluttered sentence, and life returns to his oratory only when his theme is Britain's diplomacy or (in a lesser degree) its defenses. Moreover, it might well be questioned whether his health will stand the strain. His latest illness was of the kind that leaves a mark.

These are drawbacks, but they will count for nothing if, as is generally assumed, Eden is a willing candidate for the succession. Sir Winston, highly as he esteems R. A. Butler, the present Chancellor, has made no secret of the fact that Mr. Eden is the Crown Prince.

Since 1951 Mr. Eden has been Deputy Prime Minister, although on the one occasion when his services in this capacity might have been utilized—during Sir Winston's illness last year—he himself was absent on sick leave, and it was Mr. Butler who presided over Cabinet meetings.

THERE is no disputing, however, Mr. Eden's popularity with the electorate. Although various party militants have murmured at his preference for diplomatic kid gloves over imperialist bare knuckles, every Gallup Poll gives him a huge lead over all his Cabinet colleagues. He is not only the party's charmer; the party feels *safe* with him. Moreover, his popularity crosses party lines.

He may not inspire the affection that Sir Winston arouses in friend and foe alike, but neither does he cause the sudden gusts of temper that blow up around the old man, sometimes at his most endearing moments. Instead Mr. Eden regularly receives from the House of Commons a more humdrum but more serviceable tribute—a respectful and attentive hearing for even those vacuous and evasive replies that the practise of diplomacy encourages.

Sir Winston's recent outburst made Mr. Eden's succession all the surer, and may have hastened it.

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Government by Denunciation—The Way of the Damned

LELAND STOWE

How can Red régimes pervert literally legions of men, women, *and children* into informers—paid or unpaid? Why do they serve the police-state dictatorship and their unscrupulous rulers without regard for justice, their country's welfare, or their own personal integrity? Here is the inside and authoritative story of how Red Bulgaria's secret police (the Darjhavna Sigurnost, or DS) recruits great numbers of civilian informers.

Although the reliability of the source of this information is unquestionable, his name cannot be used. What he reports here is confirmed by solid and voluminous documentation obtained in Europe from escapees and from many other satellite sources. We may call this very well-informed witness Mr. B——.

"Bulgaria's DS recruits informers by methods both direct and indirect. The direct method is simple, savage police torture. The selected candidate is arrested on trumped-up charges, beaten until he confesses, given a death sentence—and then offered his life if he will henceforth expiate his 'crime' by spying on 'the enemies of the people.' If he 'breaks' and agrees, he must sign a sworn statement which makes him a tool of the secret police for life. Then he may have to spend only a few years in jail or a forced labor camp—acting as a stool pigeon against fellow prisoners. After that he graduates to 'free spy.' Or he may be sent at once to a town where he is unknown and start work as an informer.

"Another direct method is used for former old-régime state officials, army officers, and such. These potential candidates are first studied closely by DS recruiters—to determine which are weak characters, or mentally depressed after illness, or are vulnerable because of affairs with women or because they accepted graft while in office. All such persons can rarely refuse an 'invitation to co-operate' with the secret police. Once enlisted, any person is caught for good.

For Love or Money

"But the indirect recruiting techniques are still more vicious and diabolical," reports B——. "Here are the most favored methods which Communist secret police employ everywhere:

"They exploit each individual's personal and intimate relations in every available manner. A man is

desperate because his wife will not grant him a divorce. So a plain-clothes DS agent assures him it can be arranged—provided he renders a 'few services' to the DS. Maybe the police only want to know what people talk about in his shop or office—at first. He gets his divorce—and he's in the net.

"Young lovers with parental objections to their marriage are easy game. A prying DS agent uses such a situation very skillfully. 'Well,' he says, 'what are you worrying about? Isn't her father an anti-Communist? [Or a former bourgeois, or a kulak?] Do us a few small favors and the old man will go where he can't bother you for a long time.'

"Before long the girl's father disappears into a concentration camp. Scores of innocent fathers have paid for their daughters' unapproved love fancies in this fashion. The young husbands embark on a new career—as paid secret denouncers of associates and neighbors. Again these newly recruited informers never get out of the trap."

A second indirect method concerns people with financial difficulties—in debt or out of work, or with serious illness in the family. "In such cases," B—— continues, "the DS plays the role of 'benefactor.' Whatever the personal difficulties may be, the secret police recruiter fixes things up—for those same 'small services,' which grow bigger and bigger in due time. Because almost any human being has some vice or weakness—some vulnerability—the police never lack candidates. A ladies' man is offered a very pretty girl; a heavy drinker gets all the liquor he can consume; a gambler obtains the means to satisfy his mania night after night; an ambitious fellow gets a chance to become a 'somebody.'

M.D.—Master of Denunciation

"Students are a third category, and they are especially to be pitied. Of course the best students want to go to college to benefit from specialized training. But in Bulgaria today there is probably not a single student who has not rendered some kind of 'services' to the secret police. Why? Because that's the only way they can now gain admission to higher studies.

"Under Bulgaria's Communist régime almost eighty-five per cent of the students receive state scholarships—but these are granted only upon orders issued by the DS. It's impossible for an honest young man with no political interests to attend a Bulgarian university. In order to do so a student must sell his soul, in one degree or another, to the secret police. During 1952 the few who refused to do so were promptly expelled. All who remain are charged with reporting *sub rosa* on faculty and fellow students, and equally about the families with which they are lodged.

"Many students promised to 'cooperate' in order to get into college, and then reneged. The Communists did not like to attract public attention by more expulsions. So they devised a new law whereby all candidates for upper educational institutions must be recommended by (party-controlled) professional or workers' organizations. Candidates must thereafter first spend an unde-

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termined trial period in these organizations—and finally pass examinations before admission to universities. This enables party and DS representatives to screen out all student candidates who are 'nonco-operative.'

Junior MVD Men

"But the Reds' most monstrous and criminal system pertains to their recruitment of children, even the extremely young, as informers. Without knowing it, children in satellite countries to the number of several million have become innocent denouncers of their own parents.

"Today most elementary-school teachers in Bulgaria collaborate with the party and secret police, and this is certainly true of a large proportion of teachers in the other Communist satellites. Replacement of 'old-régime' teachers—persons of conscience and democratic principle—by Reds or fellow travelers has everywhere made much progress after all these years. Even those survivors who are secretly antagonistic dare not betray themselves.

"Because teachers take their orders from party officials or veiled police agents, Communist 'mobilization' of children is remarkably simple. The régime launches a campaign for 'peace' signatures, aid for Korea, or other propaganda purposes. In each case what do the parents think and do about this sacredly 'patriotic' campaign? This is where the teachers, acting on strict orders, assign what is called 'homework' to their eager young pupils.

"What 'homework' actually means is that the children are told to ask their parents' opinions about the current party campaign or activity—and then report these conversations, usually in writing, while in school. What child of nine or ten, or even considerably older, can resist the teacher's praise for a well-written report? The teachers, of course, sift out all reports that indicate hostility to the Communists or any other dubious parental attitudes—and pass them on, by whatever intermediary, to a secret police agent. This wholesale hoodwinking of unsuspecting boys and girls into unwitting betrayal of their fathers and mothers is the most dastardly of all Communist informer-recruiting methods."

BEHIND the scenes in the satellite countries Russian MVD officers actually control and, in practical effect, boss most of the secret police chiefs and top executives. These Russian specialists are veterans of the Yagoda NKVD and Beria MVD reigns. They avoid public appearances; many masquerade under native-sounding aliases. But these same Russian MVD men or their predecessors introduced and entrenched Moscow's scientific informer-recruitment methods throughout the puppet states. In this respect Mr. B—— makes an interesting observation:

"Several of Sofia's most prominent Communists have involuntarily confessed that Bulgaria's secret police are actually directed by Moscow. On various occasions they have publicly stated that *'Thanks to the fraternal help given by Soviet specialists to the DS in Bulgaria,* the ulcer that was destroying the ranks of Bulgarian Communists has been eliminated.'

"Another fact also demonstrates that Moscow's MVD is the real boss of Bulgaria's secret police. Often a Bulgarian worker is refused employment in a Bulgarian enterprise owing to some past anti-Communist activity, alleged or actual. But this same worker, blackballed by the DS, may be hired by some Soviet-run enterprise such as Sovromsproekt, Gorbuso, or Soboldtroj.

"When it comes to labor, the Russian managers of these Soviet enterprises pay no attention whatever to decisions taken by the Bulgarian secret police. If the DS wishes to arrest a Bulgarian employed in a Soviet enterprise, it must first obtain the Soviet management's consent—which is seldom granted."

The Smothering Fog

What does the introduction of a mass-informer system, in which millions are seduced or driven into daily practice of secret and anonymous denunciations, actually do to a nation and its entire people? The answer lies in the smothering fog of fear and suspicion which today paralyzes ninety million Red-ruled people in eastern Europe.

Perennial Seeds

When civilian informers are recruited en masse and the anonymous-accusation system is established as a permanent aspect of national existence, the informers are not kept at work merely on topical secret reports and routine betrayals. The satellite Communists have already put many of them to work on the long-term future. Members and civilian agents of the Reds' MVD prototypes are being geared to carry on—in disguise and under false political clothing—if the Red régimes should be overthrown. Mr. B—— reports this strategy as follows:

"In Bulgaria methods are already being applied to ensure that the DS will continue to function in the event that the Communists are ejected. This is why secret police agents frequently request their collaborating informers to supply lists of all their acquaintances or fellow informers suspected of being anti-Communist. These are 'liquidation lists'—prepared against a possible eventual change in government. The Reds' second purpose is to get *documentary evidence now against their own informers* and other collaborators, so that they can still be coerced into serving Moscow and the MVD—even after liberation."

COMMUNIST-SHACKLED satellite Europe constitutes an ominous, tragic, and alarming demonstration of what the introduction of mass-informer methods does—and must inevitably do—to any people and to any political system in any country. When secret denunciation becomes a part of government, no citizen can be secure.

Everyone becomes frozen with fear and maddened by despair—which is the exact condition of the third of the world's people under Communist domination today. The way of the informer, whether totalitarian-infected or not, is the way of police-state servitude and of lifelong damnation.

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Israel's Spiritual Climate

II. Ingathered Exiles and the Nation-State

ISAAC DEUTSCHER

THE cultural outlook of Israel is being strongly affected by changes in the composition of the people. Under the British mandate Jews of European origin formed the overwhelming majority, but more than fifty per cent of the immigrants who have landed in Israel since 1948 have come from Asia and Africa.

Jews from French North Africa, half Arab and half French in outlook, vociferous and turbulent, sit with their families in front of huts and shops taken over from Arabs. The parents talk business and argue over the pros and cons of a return journey to Morocco or Tunisia, while their children read and discuss the latest issue of *Nouvelles Littéraires* of Paris. Then there are the Jews of Iran, in black lambskin hats; and those of Iraq and of Turkey, some westernized, others Oriental; and the Bukhara Jews, in white, flowing, silken Sabbath dress and with soft Biblical beards. Finally, there are the Yemenites, with black glowing eyes and long black curled sidelocks dangling from shaven heads. Their girls crowd the open-air labor markets seeking work as domestic servants.

This is a story about how the Royal Air Force brought to Israel 45,000 Yemenites, men, women, and children. They gaily boarded the planes, which they had never seen before; they believed that these were the "wings of the White Eagle" on which, according to an old prophecy, they were destined to return to the Holy Land when the Messiah came. But on landing they were frightened to death when they were told to board busses that were to take them from the Israeli airport to the transit camps; there was nothing in the Messianic prophecy about busses.

East-West Tensions

How will this meeting of Orient and Occident affect Israel's cultural outlook? In Jerusalem and Tel Aviv one hears all sorts of profound theories and prognostications. Some point to the very high birth rate of the Oriental Jews and predict the eventual Orientalization of Israel. Others foresee a synthesis and a new Israeli culture. I suppose that the European Jews will eventually assimilate the Oriental ones. They represent the higher civilization that usually absorbs the lower; and they are already conquering it through school and army, both of

decisive importance for the unification of Israel's culture.

In the meantime a certain antagonism between the Oriental and the western Jew is inevitable. The western Jews hold all the positions of influence in civil service, army, education, industry, commerce, and finance. The eastern Jew feels himself a second-class citizen, a victim of discrimination and European arrogance. (In some cases he even complains of a color bar.) Grievances so long voiced by Jew against Gentile are voiced here by Jew against Jew. Some of the Oriental Jews find that their social status is lower than in their old country. For instance, in French North Africa the Jewish trader stood halfway between the *colon* and the backward Arab—he was somewhere in the middle of the social ladder. In Israel he is down at the bottom.

The European Jew is aware of the Orientals' jealousy and resentment and is sometimes afraid of them. You can even hear doubts expressed about the loyalty of Oriental Jews: "Goodness knows, in case of trouble they might even join the Arabs."

This is probably not a seriously held view, but it does indicate tension. Some think that one day the animosity of the Oriental Jews may be whipped up and exploited, for instance, by the Revisionists, the potential fascist party, whose strength for the time being is negligible. In the meantime all parties and leaders make their moves with one eye on the Oriental half of the nation. When high officials argue that a tough policy has to be adopted toward the Arabs because Oriental people are likely to take any other policy as a sign of weakness, they are as anxious to keep up the spirits of the Oriental Israelis as they are to intimidate the Arabs.

Orthodoxy

Most of the Oriental Jews are orthodox in religious matters and sometimes follow the lead of fanatical east European rabbis. This was the case in last year's riotous demonstrations against the introduction of auxiliary military service for women. Yet the orthodoxy of the African and Asian Jews is inspired more by social conservatism than by religious bigotry; it is at any rate milder and more tolerant than the orthodoxy of the European Jews. The Polish, Russian, and Lithuanian rabbis and their adherents are among the world's wildest religious fanatics; and their haunts in Mea Shaarim—the Hundred Gates—form a genuine reservation of the Jewish Middle Ages.

Despite the name, suggesting romantic Oriental antiquity, the Hundred Gates date back only to the last century. It was in that quarter of Jerusalem that old and pious Jews settled when they came to die in the Holy Land. At every time of the day, the slummy, overcrowded rows of tenement houses resound with the

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chant of prayer and Talmud reading. There are as many synagogues, Talmud schools, and shops with liturgical articles at Mea Shaarim as there are dwelling houses. The long-bearded, dark-eyed, pale-faced inhabitants dress in long black robes even in the worst heat and so do the little boys who enjoy the blessing of studying the commentators of the Talmud within a stone's throw of Mount Zion. Here the terrible maxim of the Mishna is still in full force, the maxim according to which it is a grave sin for a Jew to interrupt his pious thoughts in order to say: "Look, how lovely is that tree yonder!"—the Lord alone should be admired. The men and even the little boys of Mea Shaarim have their gaze turned inward upon themselves or downward, and they avoid casting the sinful glance on the tree or the passing woman. Here the heretic may still be excommunicated at the synagogue to the sound of the ram's horn and in the light of wax candles, for where if not near the Biblical Gay Hinom should rabbinical law be enforced in all its strictness?

Every Friday before dusk the zealots of Mea Shaarim occupy the thoroughfare leading from the center of the town to their quarters. With frantic dancing they welcome the Sabbath and stop all street traffic until the following night. Woe to the passer-by who on a Sabbath ventures into the crooked streets of Mea Shaarim with a pipe in his mouth or with a girl on his arm. A hail of stones will come down upon him, for Mea Shaarim believes in the Biblical stoning of the sinner. And if a doctor in his car or ambulance ventures into these crooked streets on a Sabbath, the hail of stones will come down upon him too.

MEA SHAARIM is important not because of its exotic "local color" but because of its influence upon Israel's cultural climate. That influence should not be underrated: The kibbutz and Mea Shaarim are the two opposite poles of Israel's spiritual life. Jewish "freethinkers" and "militant progressives" become very meek when they are left alone with Jewish orthodoxy. And so in Israel the Talmudic law still governs all marriage and family relations, to mention only some of the areas of

Jewish life under its domination. Until quite recently an old-fashioned orthodox rabbi with no education in secular law was the Dean of the Law Faculty of the University of Jerusalem.

I DISCUSSED this with Y——, the editor of a highbrow leftish periodical. He protested with some heat against a remark that Israel was under the spiritual sway of Mea Shaarim. But subjected to questioning, he admitted that the Israelis paid considerable tribute to religious orthodoxy. To take one tragicomic example, they may not breed pigs, although pig breeding could help to solve Israel's food problem rapidly and ease the balance of payments. Keren Kayemeth, the National Fund that owns most of the land, leases it out on the express condition that the tenant will breed no pigs. Thus even the atheistic kibbutzim of the extreme Left are made to conform to the will of the rabbis. Y—— at first tried to find all sorts of "progressive" excuses, but then he got red in the face and lost his temper. "Do you really suggest," he shouted, "that in order to ease our economic plight, we should allow pigs to be bred in this Holy Land? Never, never!"

Jews and the Nation-State

Israelis who have known me as an anti-Zionist of long standing were curious to hear what I was thinking about Zionism now. I have, of course, long since abandoned my anti-Zionism, which was based on a confidence in the European labor movement, or, more broadly, a confidence in European society and civilization which that society and civilization have not justified. If, instead of arguing against Zionism in the 1920's and 1930's, I had urged European Jews to go to Palestine, I might have helped to save some of the lives that were to be extinguished in Hitler's gas chambers.

For the remnants of European Jewry (is it only for them?) the Jewish state has become a historic necessity. It is also a living reality. Whatever their cleavages, grievances, and frustrations, the Jews of Israel are animated by a fresh and strong sense of nationhood and by a dogged determination to consolidate and strengthen their state by every means. They also have the feeling that the "civilized world," which in one way or another has the fate of European Jewry on its conscience, has no moral ground to stand on when it tries to sermonize the government of Israel for any real or imaginary breaches of international commitments.

Even now, however, I am not a Zionist, and I have repeatedly said so in public and in private. The Israelis accept this with quite unexpected tolerance, but seem bewildered. "How is it possible *not* to embrace Zionism," they ask, "if one recognizes the State of Israel as a historic necessity?" What a difficult and painful question to answer!

From a burning or sinking ship people jump no matter where—onto a lifeboat, a raft, or a float. The jumping is for them a "historic necessity," and the raft is in a sense the basis of their whole existence. But does it follow that the jumping

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should be made into a program, or that one should take a raft state as the basis of a political orientation? (I hope that Israelis or Zionists who happen to read this will not misunderstand the expression "raft state." It describes the precariousness of Israel, but is not meant to belittle its constructive achievement.)

To my mind it is just another Jewish tragedy that the world has driven the Jew to seek safety in a nation-state in the middle of this century when the nation-state is falling into decay.

Melancholy Anachronism

Through several centuries every progressive development in the life of western nations was bound up with the formation and growth of the nation-state or with the movement for the nation-state. The Jew was not connected with that movement and did not benefit from it. He remained shut up in his synagogue and in his religious loyalties while western man subordinated religious loyalties to national ones and found his stature within his nation rather than within his church. Only now, when man no longer grows in stature within the nation and when he can find himself anew only within some supranational community, has the Jew found his nation and his state. What a melancholy anachronism!

"Ah, but show us the nation that has abandoned its statehood," say my Israeli friends.

None has done so, of course, and it has not occurred to me to urge Israelis to do so. The point is that the nation-state decays and disintegrates no matter whether people are aware of it or not, no matter what their efforts to preserve it. The process is world-wide, however varied its local manifestations. Much of the strength of the Soviet bloc consists in its work toward unifying economically the area stretching from central Europe to the China Sea, and the productive force of the area's 750 million inhabitants. To achieve this, Stalinism has reduced national sovereignty to a sham, although it has left its outward symbols intact. The nation-states of the West have so far preserved more than symbolic façades, but they too have left their golden age behind; and their clinging to sovereignty is more often than not a source of their weakness. Like any organism that has outlived its day, the nation-state can prolong its existence only by intensifying all the processes that lead to its own degeneration. In the Third Reich the nation-state found both its zenith and its nadir, its apotheosis and its Black Mass. Joining now the rank of the nation-states, Israel cannot but share in their decadence.

If anybody had been anxious to devise a textbook parody on the nation-state he could produce nothing better than the State of Israel, with all its grotesque corridors, bulges, necks, and triangles, carved out by the master carvers of the United Nations.

USUALLY the irrationality of the nation-state is concentrated on its frontiers and customs walls, where nation is separated from nation. Inside a frontier, on hundreds of thousands of square miles, millions of people may build their homes and more or less normal existences. Only beyond those spaces, at the next frontier, does the stark madness of the nation-state once again stare you in the face. In Israel you can never

escape its mad gaze. Wherever you go you are always at some frontier or other:

"Look, on that hill over there are the *Syrians!*"

"The *Jordan* Arabs infiltrate this valley night after night."

"Over there paces the *Egyptian* sentry."

"Mind this path here—it takes you straight to the *Lebanon,* thirty yards from here."

"We have built this power station underground—otherwise it would be destroyed in the first day's fighting."

"Here our railway runs three times into foreign territory."

"Along this road we do not travel after dusk; it is too close to the frontier."

In Jerusalem Mr. Moshe Sharett, the new Prime Minister and Minister of Foreign Affairs, took me to the window of his office and showed me the sand dune outside and across it a belt of barbed wire. The Jordan-Israeli frontier, or demarcation line, ran within less than a stone's throw. The Minister of Foreign Affairs had only to lift his head from his desk to face the "enemy." If posterity ever erects a Museum of the Absurdities of the Nation-State, it should exhibit a picture showing this view from Mr. Sharett's office. It should also exhibit the barbed wire that now cuts across the grounds of the French Hospital in Jerusalem, the sentry boxes on the Old Wall opposite Mount Zion, and the photographs of children shot dead while they were playing outside their homes amid barbed-wire entanglements. The lunacy of the nation-state has cut in two the cradle of the world's religions.

Explosives in the Foundations

By any normal standard Israel's economy is bankrupt. Israel's exports cover the cost of only a small fraction of the imports. Most of the deficit is paid out of the large pocket of American Jewry and by U.S. government aid. Israel buys expensive foods and raw materials for pounds sterling and dollars and works hard to find remote markets for its own produce. In the old days the roads from Palestine to its Arab neighbors were crowded with trucks carrying food from the Arab countries to Israel and industrial goods toward them. Now trade is at a standstill because the Arab governments persist in boycotting Israel.

The State of Israel has had explosives—the grievances of hundreds of thousands of displaced Arabs—built into its very foundations. One cannot in fairness blame the Jews for this. People pursued by a monster and running to save their lives

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cannot help injuring those who are in their way and cannot help trampling over their property. The Jews feel that the injury they have done the Arabs is child's play compared with their own tragedy. This is true enough, but it does not prevent the Arabs from smarting under their grievance and craving revenge. To the Israelis Palestine is and has never ceased to be Jewish. To the Arabs the Jews are, and will for long remain, invaders and intruders.

As long as a solution to the problem is sought in nationalist terms, both Arab and Jew are condemned to move within a vicious circle of hatred and revenge. Arabs murder Jewish mothers and children. Jews stage the Kibiya massacre. The Arabs only wait for a turn in Middle East affairs that will allow them to crush Israel; in the meantime they watch intently for any false step Israel might make. Israel's hope is that the Arab states will forever remain as backward, indolent, corrupt, and friendless as they were during the Arab-Jewish war, for otherwise the Israelis, even if their numbers were trebled, could not hold their ground against forty million Arabs. Each side sees its own security and prosperity in the insecurity, destitution, and distress of the other.

There seems no immediate way out of this predicament. In the long run a way out may be found beyond the nation-state, perhaps within the broader framework of a Middle East federation. Israel might then play a role among the Arab states as modest as its numbers and as great as its intellectual and spiritual resources. This idea, I am told, is beginning to gain ground among younger politicians and political thinkers on both sides, but it is not likely to gain much ground in the near future. The Jews are still too deeply intoxicated with their newly acquired nation-state, and the Arabs are too fully obsessed with their grievance to look very far ahead. Any supranational organization like a Middle East federation is sheer *Zukunftsmusik* to both. But sometimes the music of the future is the only music worth listening to.

(This is the second of two articles on Israel by Mr. Deutscher. The first appeared in our April 27 issue.)

The Battle For Hells Canyon

JOE MILLER

VERY FEW PEOPLE have ever seen Hells Canyon. Except for a weekly mail boat, the canyon, which is the deepest river cleft in America, is isolated from civilization—and looks in fact like a displaced region of another, wilder planet. Scarred and brutal bluffs of volcanic ash cut in some places as deep as seven thousand feet down to the churning Snake River, which forms the northern half of the Oregon-Idaho line. Cougar and bear stalk stray sheep in the string of box canyons. Sturgeon sometimes twelve to eighteen feet long struggle upstream against rapids twenty-two feet high. The light does tricks among the colorful rocks, making of the canyon a vast and eerie kaleidoscope.

REMOTE as it is, Hells Canyon, one of America's last great power sites, is being fought over in the most momentous power fight since the late Wendell Willkie took on TVA.

The issue arose over a year ago when the Interior Department under its new Republican leadership withdrew as intervener before the Federal Power Commission, the body empowered to decide what kind of dam could be built on the Snake River—one multipurpose high Federal dam or three relatively small dams to be built by the Idaho Power Company.

The argument between public power and private power is an old one, but the regional and national interest that Hells Canyon has aroused in the past year is a matter of considerable surprise to both sides. Last April the working advocates of a big dam were a corporal's guard concentrated in northern Idaho and eastern Oregon. Today they are a small army stationed throughout the Northwest and extending into other regions as far away as New England. Along with the traditional farmer-labor nucleus, the army includes bank presidents, Idaho's biggest Republican fund raiser, influential businessmen, and other stanch free enterprisers. "If we're socialists," said an eastern Oregon chamber of commerce president, "then Norman Thomas had better reorganize his party because there are a lot of us."

Actually, both sides in this debate begin with the postulate that the Snake River and the entire Columbia River Basin must serve private enterprise. They differ only as to how it may best be served. The low dams would certainly show a profit for private enterprise, at least for the stockholders of the Idaho Power Company. The single high Federally built dam would provide cheap power to a number of smaller private enterprises, as well as more extensive facilities for flood control, irrigation and reclamation, storage, and conservation.

The prize is a mighty one, and much more than Hells Canyon is at stake. The Columbia system still has 10.2 million kilowatts to be developed. Decisions made now may well set the region's hydroelectric pattern for many years to come.

Background for the Battle

Lending an urgency to this struggle is the Northwest's pressing need for huge new resources of power, a minimum of 500,000 to 600,000 more kilowatts every year just to keep pace with growing consumer loads. And these figures do not include power for new industrial development. It would not be an exaggeration to say that the Northwest's economic future rests largely upon the outcome of this conflict.

The voices of the adversaries are loud and strong. The president of Washington's Public Utility Districts, Dan Jolly, thunders that the

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public power program is "being systematically scuttled." Private utility spokesmen declare that they can "develop the river faster and cheaper than the government."

The vast interest becomes explainable when you compare the Northwest of today with the Northwest of fifteen years ago. Cheap power has brought new plants, such as the Hanna Corporation's $50-million nickel plant at Roseburg, Oregon, and Harvey Machinery's $60-million aluminum factory at The Dalles, Oregon, to areas that were almost entirely agricultural a few years ago. Population has increased by almost forty per cent; Seattle alone has jumped from 376,000 in 1940 to 544,000 today.

This flowering has produced a considerable change in the Northwest's economic attitudes. No longer relying solely on lumber, fish, and agriculture, business leaders now talk of aluminum (of which the area, starting from zero in 1940, now produces forty-four per cent of the national supply), and of other new light metals, such as magnesium, titanium, and zirconium, whose fabrication requires great amounts of low-cost power. Because of its outstanding power potential, the Northwest envisions itself as the center of the burgeoning light-metals and electrochemical industries.

But the businessmen, at least many of them, are now in something of a quandary. As free-enterprise Republicans, they are dedicated to keeping the government out of the power business. And yet they see realistically that continued development of Federal low-cost power according to the multipurpose dam program initiated by Franklin D. Roosevelt is vital to the expansion of Northwest industry.

This poses a problem for the Eisenhower Administration, which has made quite plain its intention to create a climate favorable for business. To do this in the Northwest requires the continued development of low-cost power to create opportunities for industrial expansion.

IN RECENT MONTHS the following events have caused such stanch Eisenhower supporters as the influential Portland *Oregonian* to wonder if the new Administration is intent upon the possible "liquidation or fragmentation of a regional power system which is the backbone of Northwest industry and employment."

Map by Starworth

¶ On March 31 the Budget Bureau came out with a flat recommendation against the construction of Hells Canyon, thus retreating from the "neutral" position announced last year by Secretary McKay.

¶ The replacement of Dr. Paul J. Raver, for fifteen years chief of the Bonneville Power Administration, by Dr. William A. Pearl, a private-power sympathizer. Dr. Pearl's first public statement was in support of the Idaho Power Company's program for Hells Canyon.

¶ The allocation of 92.5 per cent of the costs of the recently completed McNary Dam to power, a device which public-power supporters say can only result in higher Federal power rates. The allocations between power and other facilities such as navigation and flood control have been closer to 50-50 at earlier dams, thus making possible low Federal power rates.

¶ Wholesale slashes in Bonneville's operating funds by the Budget Bureau and Congress, public statements by Undersecretary of the Interior Ralph Tudor that Bonneville's role will be limited to mere wholesaling of Federal power, and Bonneville's new twenty-year contract with private utilities, which guarantees the latter any surplus power produced at Federal dams. "This pushes into the misty distance any future industrial expansion in the Northwest," a Kaiser Aluminum Company official has warned.

Against the background of a situation that according to the *Oregonian* "threatens to become chaotic," the Administration seems to be groping for an adequate substitute for the successful program that bears the Democratic imprint. Northwest Republicans are well aware of the need to produce a program, with three U.S. Senators, two governors, and fifteen Congressmen up for election this year. "Nothing would help more," Secretary of the Interior Douglas McKay has confided wistfully to friends, "than a new Federal dam."

Whatever the Republican program may turn out to be, it at least has a catchy name—"partnership in power." It was a campaign phrase first used by Mr. Eisenhower in Seattle in September, 1952, and provided a cheerful counterpoint to his general damnation of "Federal power domination" and "galloping socialism." The idea of "partnership" is that local private and public utilities are supposed to team up with the Federal government to build new dams.

After fifteen months of Republican Administration, "partnership" is still nothing but a catchy campaign phrase. Even among Repub-

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licans, there is a disillusioned feeling that it will never be anything more than that.

THERE HAVE BEEN, however, some specific proposals to fill the void created by the abandonment of the Federal power program. The Northwest's private utilities, which seem to have accepted at least some of the New Deal concept of multipurpose dams, say that they are ready right now to build big dams in "partnership" with the government. Their spokesman, John E. Corette, president of the Montana Power Company, has announced that private utilities are ready to put one billion dollars into the kitty on a long-range basis. The utilities would build and operate the dams' power facilities, with the government building and maintaining the nonreimbursable portions (flood control, irrigation and reclamation, navigation, and storage).

The utilities are asking the FPC to allow them to investigate two sites on the Clearwater River, a Snake tributary in northern Idaho. The Federal government's end of the two six-hundred-foot dams projected would be the rebuilding of some thirty miles of the expensive Lewis-Clark highway, construction of costly fishways, condemnation costs for valuable farmland, and reservoir upkeep. "A fine deal," one advocate of public power has commented sourly. "One partner pays the bills; the other gets the income."

Without any revenues from power, Uncle Sam would receive nothing but bills from the "partnership" projects. Under the program of the irresponsible, spendthrift Democrats, more than one-fifth of the costs of Bonneville and Coulee dams has already been repaid into the U.S. Treasury.

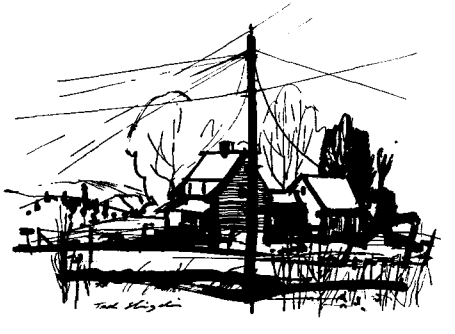
WHATEVER the utilities' motives, it is at any rate quite clear that the historic fight over the Hells Canyon site has been a major factor in their decision to accept the multipurpose principle. "Yes, Hells Canyon has influenced this move," one utilities executive told me recently. "We have learned a basic lesson from this fight: that Northwest people will not accept anything but maximum river development. If Idaho Power had proposed to develop the Hells Canyon site fully, I doubt if there would have been much conflict. But they didn't, and look at the mess they're in!"

Perhaps it was recognition of this fact that has led the Idaho Power Company to stop equating high dams with socialism. Instead, the company now talks about the magnitude of its own "huge multipurpose dams" and the "comprehensive" nature of its own giant plan.

The private utilities recognize that public sentiment is running strongly against them. A poll taken in Portland by a reputable public-opinion agency showed a two-to-one majority favoring a high dam.

The Battle Begins

After the Interior Department abdicated last April from active defense of its four reports favoring the construction of a single high dam at Hells Canyon, people all over the country began to shout "giveaway." Bills supporting Hells Canyon (introduced on the Senate side by Wayne Morse of Oregon and thirteen others, on the House side by Gracie Pfost (D., Idaho) and Don Magnuson (D., Washington) became focal points for supporters. Morse's office was flooded with mail (and has been ever since). Within weeks a National Hells Canyon Association had sprung into being. Support for the high dam has come blowing off the Northwest's farmlands into Washington with genuine nonpartisan spontaneity. Presenting a case before the FPC is an expensive proposition, but the Hells Canyon Association has managed to make ends meet from individual contributions that filter into the movement's office at Oregon State



Grange headquarters from local chapters throughout the Northwest and from rural electric co-operatives throughout the country.

Quiet support is also coming in from a number of businessmen, many of whom were outspokenly opposed to the earlier New Deal projects. Groups such as the Baker, Oregon, auto dealers have voted approval of the high dam. Others can't afford to be counted. "I can't speak publicly," said a bank president. "But if I had to testify on oath, my support would be for the high dam. It's a better deal."

To people such as this man, the issue is not political or ideological. It is practical. Hells Canyon can provide the cheap power that would bring new industry to the Northwest. "While private enterprise is to be encouraged," commented the Salem, Oregon, *Statesman,* which is published by former Governor Charles Sprague, a Republican, "it should not disrupt plans of broader scope and importance. . . . Idaho Power will have a difficult time to sustain its case."

THOSE WHO argue for a high dam point out that the power plant would ultimately provide 1,124,500 kilowatts of power, 688,000 at the site and an additional 436,500 at downstream dams. That is more than one-fourth of the Northwest's current total generation of four million kilowatts. Idaho Power's three dams would produce about 550,000 kilowatts, with no appreciable downstream generation. Upstream water storage increases the power potential of downstream dams by impounding water runoff in spring and summer and releasing water when needed in winter. Hells Canyon would have almost four times the storage capacity of the company dams. Without such storage capacity, it will be increasingly expensive to build other dams in the area, thus limiting its future growth.

The high dam would cost about $360 million, of which eighty-eight per cent would be charged to power and paid back to the U.S. Treasury over a fifty-year period at three per cent interest. It would take five to seven years to build.

Integrating a river power system can make a great deal of difference in total output. For example, the pooling of the various Northwest power plants into one connected system enables these plants to gen-

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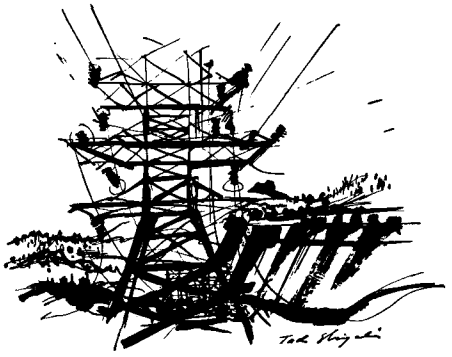
erate six hundred thousand more kilowatts than they could by operating separately. "In the past it was the practice to build isolated projects on our rivers," Dr. Raver, the former chief at Bonneville, has said. "It captured but a small part of the



river's usefulness. We have learned that by interconnecting all of the projects, it is possible to obtain larger benefits, creating a situation in which the whole is greater than the sum of its isolated parts."

Other regions of the country would stand to benefit from the Hells Canyon project. One of the most important benefits would be low-cost phosphate fertilizer—urgently needed for soil restoration in many of the nation's farm areas. Southeastern Idaho contains fifty-two per cent of the nation's phosphate reserves. And yet these reserves have hardly been touched because it takes 4,350 kilowatt hours to produce one ton of phosphate for fertilizer, and that simply cannot be done profitably at Idaho Power's seven-mill rate. Three-mill Federal power from Hells Canyon would make a ton of superphosphate $8.40 cheaper to produce.

THOSE WHO ARGUE for Idaho Power's three-dam plan are equally sincere in their belief that what the Northwest needs is freedom for private enterprise in the power business.

Idaho Power, which serves 117,000 customers in eastern Oregon and southern Idaho, is—even its opponents in this case agree—a good company, in healthy financial condition. It has consistently grown, both in dollar value and kilowatt output. As a symbol of private enterprise, it is an excellent one and represents a formidable adversary in this conflict.

The company's argument runs this way: Its proposed rock-fill dams would cost only $133 million as compared to the $360 million for the high concrete dam. They would be finished in thirty-eight months, thus providing the power-hungry Northwest with the kilowatts it needs much sooner than the government could. Idaho Power would pay $10 million a year in taxes; the Federal dam would pay no taxes. Company witnesses have testified before the FPC that reputable investment houses can finance the dams and that a respected engineering company (Morrison-Knuden) can build them at the $133-million price. And finally, the company claims that there just isn't enough water in the Snake River to fill up a high-dam reservoir, a contention in which Washington's governor, Arthur B. Langlie, concurs.

Many of these arguments are hotly disputed. The backbone of the company's argument has always been that Federal power companies pay no taxes. The company's opponents point out first that the Bonneville Power Company makes substantial payments in lieu of taxes, and second, that the company has already requested tax-amortization certificates amounting to several million dollars.

John R. Riter, chief hydrologist of the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation, says that Idaho Power is wrong about the water supply: that there is enough to fill up a 607-foot dam with 3,880,000 acre-feet. The Snake's flow has been measured since 1923, and to avoid any doubts Riter took the low period from 1929 to 1937 as the basis for his analysis. He estimates that the high dam's reservoir would be more than adequate, since after it was once filled, the amount released in a year would always leave about one million acre-feet at the bottom as insurance for the low years. About 2.5 million feet would be released annually for downstream power generation, so that dams on the lower Columbia would have water passing through them at the crucial low periods when there have always been power shortages in the past.

To the farmers of southern Idaho, who have 2.6 million acres under irrigation, the high dam has been pictured as a threat. Unlike the situation in most of the Northwest, sixty to seventy per cent of Idaho's irrigation systems are owned by the farmers themselves. "You can have my wife, but don't mess with my water," is the way Southern Idaho farmers are supposed to feel. Actually, the Morse-Pfost bill would safeguard these rights, but, persuaded that the Federal dam *would* mess with their water, many farmers have instinctively taken Idaho Power's side. "The three dams will protect our water rights," they seem to feel, "and to hell with the rest of the Northwest."

GEORGE CROOKHAM of Caldwell, Idaho, one of the country's biggest corn-seed producers, doesn't see it that way.

"While we like Idaho Power," says Crookham, an ardent Eisenhower Republican, "we are not at all sure that we should tie the entire kite of our resource program to the tail of their three-dam plan." Crookham recalls that Northwest reclamation projects have been heavily financed from power revenues.

An organization called the Southwestern Idaho Water Conservation Project, Inc., also found its way around to the big-dam position. As the Boise *Statesman* has pointed out, S.W.I.W.C.P. "included a substantial number of men always opposed to government power projects of the Hells Canyon type." But S.W.I.W.C.P. made a thorough study of both proposals, and in May, 1951, its directors, headed by J. L. Driscoll, Idaho's biggest banker, presented a report endorsing Hells Canyon under the condition that a block of three hundred thousand kilowatts be reserved for use in Idaho and that power revenues go to finance the nearby Mountain Home irrigation project.

In a detailed pamphlet that politely but firmly unmasked many of Idaho Power's propaganda charges, S.W.I.W.C.P. said, ". . . private capital cannot and will not undertake construction of the $250 million Mountain Home development. Utilization of Idaho's water resources at Hells Canyon dam provides the *last remaining opportunity* to make this development financially feasible.

"We do not believe that the people of Idaho wish to see this large

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and excellent body of land remain forever arid and unproductive . . . the people of Idaho should not be denied the . . . opportunities which the irrigation of these new lands will create."

S.W.I.W.C.P. went out of business in 1952. No official explanation was ever given, but one director has told me that "pressure over our Hells Canyon position was the reason."

An Election Issue

The relative merits of both plans have been advanced with more passion than logic. "It is unfortunate," Idaho's Senator Henry Dworshak, a company supporter, has said, "that too much propaganda has been disseminated by both sides." His Oregon colleague, Wayne Morse, speaks more bluntly: "So much contradictory information was spread on the record by the power company stooges that it takes real digging, even for a person familiar with . . . the project, to make head or tail out of it."

In the midst of all this confusion, it is scarcely surprising that very few people know anything at all about the geology, the hydrology, and the engineering involved in the two projects.

One thing is certain. Hells Canyon will be mentioned many times in the forthcoming political campaign. How a candidate stands on Hells Canyon may be the most important consideration to many Northwestern voters next fall, especially if the region's pressing unemployment continues. Knowing this, the high-dam advocates hope that the FPC hearings in Washington will continue until after the election. In November the high-dam supporters will try to show their strength at the polls. Should low-dam advocates such as Senators Guy Cordon of Oregon and Henry C. Dworshak of Idaho be defeated, the high-dammers expect to shift from their present defensive position to the offensive.

This situation obviously delights Northwest Democrats, who plan to make power and Hells Canyon their No. 1 issue this fall. Republican sentiment is mixed. Washington's Governor Langlie, a fervent low-dam supporter, recently told a Republican meeting that "Hells Canyon will be a delightful issue on which to battle the Democrats." But most Republican officeholders are not so cheerful. Two of Washington's six Republican Congressmen, Walt Horan and Russell Mack, are publicly supporting a high dam; the other four are not talking. Another Republican leader has described the low dams as an "albatross around the party's neck." In Oregon, Senator Cordon is frankly admitting to friends that he "can't afford to just run against Hells Canyon."

Regardless of how the elections and the FPC decision go, those who want a high multipurpose dam at Hells Canyon are determined to carry their campaign a long way. "We'll fight the case through the courts if necessary," Lars Nelson, a Republican wheat farmer who is master of the Washington State Grange, has promised. "As far as we are concerned, this is a bedrock issue."

Slums, Ghettos, And the G.O.P.'s 'Remedy'

CHARLES ABRAMS

In the President's housing message to Congress in January, Mr. Eisenhower "frankly and honestly acknowledged that many members of minority groups, regardless of their income or their economic status, have had the least opportunity of all our citizens to acquire good homes."

On Lincoln's Birthday, Senator Homer Capehart (R., Indiana) and Representative Jesse P. Wolcott (R., Michigan) presented the Administration's 107-page housing measure. As if to underscore the event, a mob of a thousand besieged Chicago's Trumbull Park public housing project with bricks and clubs to oust five Negro families that had moved in since August. For seven months mobs have been moving against this project, and in spite of round-the-clock duty by nearly a thousand police, have smashed windows, thrown bombs, and assaulted citizens.

Before the Trumbull Park outbreaks, there were seven major riots in Cook County in the years since 1945. They included the Cicero housing riot in July, 1951, which forced Adlai Stevenson, then Governor of Illinois, to call out the militia, and a housing riot in July, 1952, when a mob of four thousand whites near Republican Convention headquarters almost drowned out the acclaim greeting Eisenhower's nomination. Another riot involved a mob of ten thousand and required a force of 1,500 police to quell it. Interspersing these outbreaks have been thousands of bombings, arsons, or organized assaults against Negro and other minority families in Chicago and elsewhere.

Since the end of the Second World War, in fact, bombings, arson, and demonstrations against Negroes moving into white sections have shaken a number of American cities from Miami to the Pacific Coast. Few of these incidents have received top billing in the U.S. press, though they have only too often abroad.

In most of the major riots the pattern has been similar. Nonwhites lacking shelter move into a white neighborhood. Crowds form, teenagers or irresponsibles take the initiative, the police either sympathize with the whites or are not overvigilant, the crowds grow into mobs, and law and order collapse. The housing shortage lies at the root of the problem.

Slum and Ghetto

While President Eisenhower's statement acknowledged the problem, his voluminous housing bill offers little to solve it. Nor will it ever be solved without an understanding of the implications of a great social change that has occurred in American cities and suburbs — implications neither the Republican nor the Democratic Party has been willing to face.

Until the 1920's the slum and the

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ghetto in America were two separate social patterns. Slums housed people of low income who could afford nothing better; ghettos were homogeneous neighborhoods to which people clustered when they felt insecure or were unaccustomed to our language or customs. There have long been self-imposed ghettos in our big industrial centers. After the waves of immigration from Europe, Irish, Poles, Jews, Negroes, and other national and religious groups all tended to develop their own communities in each big city. Poorer immigrants who felt socially as well as economically insecure lived in ghetto-slums, which were both substandard and homogeneous in their occupancy. They moved to better neighborhoods when they or their children improved their social or economic position.

Both slum and ghetto were usually voluntary formations. They brought occasional frictions but no lasting compulsion that would repress the right to move or the opportunity to move when one could afford it. At the same time there were sections elsewhere in which Negroes, immigrants, and wealthier families lived in the same areas and often on the same blocks. The type of house rather than the neighborhood denoted one's social position or financial status.

Beginning with the 1920's and the curtailment of European immigration, a shortage of semiskilled and menial labor became noticeable. Economic expansion in the 1940's intensified the demand for such labor, no longer drawn from abroad. As economic expansion continued and the gaps in the cheaper labor market remained unfilled, three groups moved into the vacuum: Southern Negroes, whose migrations since Emancipation had been checked by white foreign immigrations before 1920 (between 1940-1947 1.19 million Negroes moved between noncontiguous states); Mexicans, who were either solicited by the United States to cross the border or crossed it illegally by the millions; and Puerto Ricans who, as American citizens, were free to move without restraint—and did, by the hundreds of thousands, mainly into New York City.

The three groups differed from previous migrants in that most were dark-skinned, and though their shades varied, all were more identifiable by color than previous migrants.

Reforms of the 1930's

Beginning with 1933, slums came into the political spotlight. Survey after survey showed their effects on health, crime rates, and city upkeep. The slogan "one-third of a nation is ill-housed," acquired a political attractiveness that soon captivated the major parties. Slums were officially defined as buildings in poor physical condition or lacking essential amenities. Housing programs therefore emphasized their removal as the proper course for solving the housing problem and improving city landscapes. The linkage of minorities to slums had not yet made itself evident.

Under the Housing Act of 1937, eighty-nine per cent of the 300,000 units were on slum sites, and only eleven per cent on vacant land, so that little was added to the total supply of low-rental housing. While the heritage of depression vacancies continued, getting rid of slums by

tearing them down seemed to pose no great hardship on the displaced slum dwellers who, when evicted, simply moved to other vacant slum dwellings nearby. Many of the displaced whites bought homes, taking advantage of their rising incomes and the easy credit made possible by Federal housing insurance. From 1934 to 1950, only one per cent of all new housing and less than two per cent of the housing built with FHA mortgage insurance were for nonwhites.

By the end of the Second World War, the shift in the character of slum occupancy had become more marked. Millions of white slum dwellers had moved to the burgeoning new suburbs. The Negroes remained. More than two-thirds of the slum families in many of our larger cities were nonwhite. But by that time the movement for slum clearance had already developed so irrepressible a momentum that no politician, local or Federal, could ask for its curtailment. Demolition of slums was accelerated by public-works programs and by private and public developments. In 1949 an urban redevelopment program tore down more slums, replacing them with expensive dwellings for which few of the new slum dwellers were eligible.

Meanwhile, the constant immigration of minority families, coupled with the continued demolition of slums, intensified the housing shortage for the minorities, increased overcrowding, and forced many of the families to pay rents among the highest in the cities. The proportion of overcrowding for nonwhites in 1952 was already more than four times as great as for the whites, and the proportion of the substandard housing they occupied was six times as great.

Housing's Nuremberg Laws

Some relief might have come from the new building boom in the suburbs. But building and real-estate men ever since the 1920's had advocated racial segregation. Up to 1950, the code of ethics of the National Association of Real Estate Boards imposed an obligation on realtors to keep minorities out of new neighborhoods. Dozens of texts and more than a hundred real-estate courses in colleges from coast to coast emphasized that when nonwhite families go where they are not wanted, they threaten real-estate values and become undesirable neighbors.

The Federal Housing Administration and the Home Loan Bank Board adopted these policies, and from 1935 to 1949 openly advocated racial segregation of minorities, the barring of "inharmonious groups" from new neighborhoods, restrictive covenants, and other exclusion devices. The official manual of the FHA

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during this period read like a chapter from Hitler's Nuremberg Laws.

In a desperate quest for shelter, the minorities tried to expand the boundaries of their slum neighborhoods. They succeeded in some cities where their numbers were not too challenging. But their efforts were met by resistance or violence in many other cities. Often land they acquired was condemned by local authorities for "parks," public works, or on other pretexts; they were harried by private restrictions, zoning ordinances, and a host of other oppressions which have now become common in real-estate practice. The decisions of the Supreme Court against racial zoning ordinances and racial covenants, while helpful, have not stemmed the adoption of newer exclusion practices.

In the twenty-five years preceding the end of the Second World War, no less than seventy-five per cent of new home developments were built in peripheral sections. But these neighborhoods are almost exclusively for whites. Often the political fate of public officials depends on their ability to keep out minorities.

THE twenty-year private and official propaganda against minorities as neighbors has had its effect there and in the cities. A whole generation had been taught to fear nonwhite neighbors and to take every precaution to keep them out. A Negro superintendent or housekeeper can live in the same house but not on the same block. The housing famine for minorities has made matters doubly difficult since once an area has been infiltrated, other home-hungry families may enter it in droves. These pressures will continue until the shortage for the minorities is eased. Where no shortage exists, Negroes even today live near whites without affecting real-estate values or social status. A total of 2.5 million nonfarm dwelling units built between 1950 and 1960 would solve the problem for nonwhites, but there is no sign that even a fraction of this will be provided.

Dab at the Problem

A main obstacle is inability to obtain land. Landowners are unwilling to sell good land for minority housing. When they do sell, zoning ordinances

may be quickly enacted to make building costs prohibitive. Zoning ordinances are often deliberately made rigid, to be relaxed only for the "right" builders. Mortgages are impossible to secure because local lenders fear to buck local interests or are staffed by experts from the real-estate groups who have persistently advocated segregation. Even where mortgages are procurable, the fire insurance required by the lender is sometimes difficult to obtain because arson is feared.

The Eisenhower program dabs at the problem but does not cope with it. Some mortgage money might be made available through direct Federal loans, but this is uncertain and would be inadequate in any event. There is also a proposal to insure forty-year loans for $7,000 houses with nominal down payments. But such housing could not be provided at this cost in the larger cities where it is most needed. Besides, the FHA professes to be a mortgage-insuring agency interested only in "sound loans."

The initiative of building must still be taken by private builders. Land, willing subcontractors, insurance, and local co-operation are prerequisites. Without them the benefits under the program would accrue as before to white families rather than to the minorities who need homes most.

The public housing program has offered one of the few opportunities for housing lower-income families. In hundreds of these projects Negroes and whites have been successfully integrated, demonstrating that when self-contained areas create their own environment, tensions can disappear and fears subside. But in a number of areas where there are growing concentrations of minorities and no private housing for them, as many as seventy-five per cent of the applications now come from nonwhites, and this tends to threaten the integrated pattern that has been achieved.

An extensive program emphasizing public housing on vacant land would be helpful, but under the pressures of the building and lending lobbies, public housing appropriations have been cut off. Those proposed by the Administration are small and may be pared down or scuttled in Congress.

THERE ARE also some aspects of the Eisenhower program which would only aggravate the shortage for minorities. The appropriation for urban redevelopment would mean more evictions—two-thirds of the families ousted under the program have been nonwhite. The rehabilitation program, which offers handsome Federal insurance to mortgage lenders and builders for rehabilitating

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existing slums, may help some minority families but may dispossess many more than it aids. Expenditures for rehabilitation by private builders must inevitably increase the rentals to levels that many minority families cannot afford. Many of the families will face eviction, for there is no obligation under the bill to rent to the present occupants or to other minority families.

More Than Oratory

No relief can come unless the Administration and Congress recognize that in most large cities the slum and the minority problem are one; that overcrowding, oppressive rents, and racial repressions are more harmful to well-being than the age or physical condition of the buildings; that the way to reduce overcrowding is not to remove buildings but to build more housing first. Accessible land must be made available to these minorities by condemnation proceedings if necessary. Ample loan funds and other aids must be proffered. Above all, the co-operation of local communities, builders, and lenders will not be forthcoming unless the Federal government provides more than oratory.

Albert M. Cole, Administrator of the Housing and Home Finance Agency, has expressed a sincere desire to encourage minority housing. But he opposes legislation providing housing for all segments of the population on the ground that it would be "class legislation." Being color-blind, however, does not mean being blind to the realities. He admits there is a substantial waiting market for such housing at rentals from $40 to $90 monthly and at purchase prices from $6,500 to $15,000. But he feels "it is up to the local communities." It is also up to the Federal government, which today provides the bulk of insurance and subsidies to builders and communities and can condition the granting of these benefits upon their meeting the needs of all groups, not merely those of the right color.

The Federal government is no longer simply a bystander in the housing economy. It is now a joint venturer. It has the opportunity as well as the Constitutional responsibility to secure equality under the law and extend it to all citizens.

Unriffed But Adrift: Getting A New Start in Washington

GEORGE TRAVERS

"Pop," asked my twelve-year-old son, "what's your job now?"

I muffed that one. I was a professional Washington bureaucrat who had failed to make the New Team, and I didn't have a job. So I muttered a few words about "independent research" and "writing," and then began to blush. I hadn't blushed in years, but when I was a kid I used to at the drop of a hat. This, like my sweating palms and my brand-new indigestion, I considered a bad sign. The boy, bless him, didn't seem to notice.

Presently my son announced, "Well, you'd better get yourself self-employed pretty quick, because that's what I put down about you on a card at school." Then he went back to drawing automobiles, and asked me for the thirty-eighth time that week why I didn't buy a Cadillac.

As for me, just to keep the school records straight I rushed right out and got myself self-employed. I hung out my shingle as a consulting economist. Nowadays I consult with anyone about anything, and very often I get paid for it. My step is brisk, my eyes are bright, I don't blush any more, and my indigestion has disappeared.

During my fifteen years in government I had been told at least a thousand times by People Who Knew that I could easily move into private business and triple my income. These evaluations had always been comforting. They had given me the feeling that I was carrying on my fairly well-compensated governmental career at considerable personal sacrifice, like the members of the Eisenhower Cabinet and other patriots. I was also left under the impression that Business was sitting around gasping for my services at three times the normal rate. Perhaps this is why I resigned so readily when I realized that the new Administration didn't think as much of me as the old one had. I could go right out and make a million dollars in oil or something, maybe even in General Motors. Then the New Team would be sorry.

Translators Needed

It didn't take long for that illusion to be shattered. In my early days as a job hunter, the president of one of the big grocery chains said:

"I've looked into your background, and I think we could really use you around here. I want you to talk to our executive vice-president and our controller. They will probably ask you what you know about the grocery business, but don't let that worry you. We have a lot of people here who know all about the grocery business, and you can learn what you need to from them."

So I went and talked to the executive vice-president and the controller. Then I went back to the president.

"What did they say?" he asked.

"They said I didn't know anything about the grocery business."

The president was sorry.

There went that lead. Ditto in the

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oil business. Ditto in electronics, chemicals, and others. The personnel advisers say it is not difficult to translate experience acquired in one line of business into terms that will be understood and appreciated in another line. The experience of a production man in the automobile industry will be appreciated by the production people in appliances. In the less specialized fields, businessmen recognize the attributes that have turned a man in another business into a Damned Good Executive or into a Smooth Operator. The same is true within government: Bureaucrats know what other bureaucrats can do without exact details of background or experience.

But it is most difficult to translate experience acquired in government into terms that will sell the bureaucrat to the businessman. I certainly was not able to do it, and I tried very hard. Very often the qualities that make for a successful government career are exactly the same qualities that businessmen are looking for: the ability to plan work intelligently, to handle a staff without jealousies or friction, to fit your operation into others so that they complement each other instead of coming into conflict, and, where a conflict arises, the ability to see that it is pointed up clearly so that a decision can be made on truly relevant issues. Other valuable qualities include a nose for the current essentials of a policy so that it can be revised in line with changing times, and a respect for the level of your operation so decisions that ought to be made at that level are not bucked up to the boss and so that decisions that should *not* be made by you are passed up to the top level with the issues clearly defined for a busy higher-up.

A bureaucrat would understand if someone said, "He did a good job on that Bluenose Project. Got exactly the results the Secretary wanted, kept Congress out of our hair, and didn't have to give an inch to the Pentagon." The businessman might understand, but the tongue would be alien to him. He would rather hear something like: "He reorganized the whole production line three weeks ahead of schedule, kept within the budget, and beat Consolidated Innertube by a good

month." I am not suggesting that the man who handled the Bluenose Project could also have done the production-line job, but I do suggest that the two men must have had the same qualities of a good executive. It's a pity more people can't bridge the semantic gap.

THE PRESIDENT of the grocery company was an exception to my generalization about businessmen. He had spent six years "on loan" in Washington. Business today is full of men who at one time or another worked intimately with professional bureaucrats, and with them lies the possibility of bridging the gap. I have worked for and with a number of these men, and at first I thought I could rely on them as private bridge builders. I couldn't. It was not that they weren't willing workers for my cause. They wrote letters for me, made telephone calls, arranged appointments. They gave me tips, leads, and advice. They were splendid. But they didn't get me a job. None of them was in a position to offer the kind of job that I was shooting for. ("Gosh, George, if we just hadn't filled that Cleveland spot a month ago, you'd be a natural for it." I heard it many times.) But they put me in touch with people who did have jobs to offer, and the things they said about me were sometimes embarrassingly nice—always, of course, in the vernacular of the Bluenose Project. Some of the men they sent me to, like the president of the grocery chain, were able to translate the language, but they had to respect the judgment of their associates.

Unless the ex-bureaucrat is a specialist or unless he is aiming for a pretty routine job, he has an extraordinarily hard time selling himself to business on his record alone. Maybe this is true for business executives too; I don't know. But I'm sure that in most cases the ex-bureaucrat's executive talents will find their place in business only if someone has confidence in him on the basis of close personal relations and is willing to say to his associates: "I know this fellow and I know what he can do. He's good, and I want him." I made a rough check of the people I knew who had gone out of government into business in the past year, and I found that those who found jobs that challenged their abilities got them on this personal basis, and not on their paper records.

I began to feel like the girls who used to come in to see me when I was on the job-giving side of the desk. "Mr. Travers," they would say, "I'm trying to find myself. I can't type, I don't know anything about government procedures, and I have no experience in research. But I got straight 'A's' at Vassar." I would advise each of these girls to find herself a nice husband, and then if she was really pretty I would take her out for a cup of coffee.

Jitters of a Job Hunter

I'm not pretty, but I got lots of figurative cups of coffee while I was job hunting. In my experience, there is nothing to the myth that businessmen look down on government people as upon a subhuman species. It's just that they don't understand them. The treatment I got was invariably polite, often warm, and sometimes downright extravagant. One man, who might have been the inspiration for the Peter Arno cartoon of the executive whose time was too valuable to be wasted by uncomplaisant secretaries, spent three hours with me one afternoon helping me map out my attack on the business world. He did it, he told me, because he recognized my problem as one that most men have once or twice in a lifetime, and because he felt that people who had licked it should help those who hadn't. His attitude was not at all unusual among people who were, as he was, perfect strangers to me. I learned something that I already suspected, namely, that most people are friendly, decent, and interested in other people as human beings.

The warmth and interest of these

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strangers and the helpfulness of my friends were invaluable to me. The job hunter has a terrible morale problem. Not only does he have to keep his spirits up in order to be able to live with himself, but also, and more troublesome, he has to worry about how demoralization might affect the impression he makes on others. The crucial point comes when he has to face the man who might hire him, and he knows that everything depends on the self-assurance and self-confidence that his "posture" gets across to that man. My spirits tended to dip perversely every time I murmured to myself: "Keep your chin up, you louse."

Apart from the obvious worry of how to make a living, I think one of the worst anxieties arises from the feeling that you don't really belong to society any more. People all around you get up in the morning, rush through breakfast, go to work, grumble about their jobs, and do all sorts of normal things. They have shop talk at lunch; you don't dare, because your job is job hunting, and one of the first rules about job hunting is not to absorb discouragement from other job hunters. When you go back to the old office to visit or to pick up some things you left there, you begin to talk your old kind of shop, and suddenly you wake up to the fact that your old associates are treating you with the same restraint that you used to adopt when talking to outsiders. Things are going on that are none of your damned business. This is a real shock. Even the business that you yourself carried on can't be discussed with you, because some of it is TOP SECRET and your TOP SECRET clearance expired when you quit. You begin to feel Unwanted, so you leave—with no place to go.

The loss of status is more than psychological. It has its very material side. For example, when I left the government I automatically lost my right to keep a very attractive term life-insurance policy; I could convert it to ordinary life at higher rates, but I didn't feel that it would be wise to improve my standard of dying concurrently with getting off a regular payroll. So I applied for a substitute term policy. Medically I was O.K., but it seems that a man without a steady job is not considered a good risk for term. Get back into society, they told me, and we will issue term for you.

Also, I couldn't buy a house. I didn't want to buy a house at the time, but if I had wanted to I couldn't have—at least not one with

a mortgage. If you don't have a regular income, the mortgage people don't want you. And you can't get back into society by buying a house without a mortgage.

THIS FEELING of being neither in the world nor ready to get out of it for keeps is a real morale breaker. There's only one thing to do about it, and that is to stay as far in society as you possibly can. Job hunting, of course, is not a full-time occupation, nor is it one that can be carried on daily with regular office hours. My first venture was to send out a lot of letters. When the replies came in, I used them to plan a week's intensive pavement pounding. Then I would repeat the process. This sort of schedule left me with alternate weeks of letter writing and interviewing; I spent the letter-writing weeks at home, which seemed to me to be logical because that is where I keep my typewriter. Furthermore, by doing my letter writing at home I was able to spend some time puttering around the house, helping with the chores, or doing some of the marketing for my wife; these activities, I thought, would give me at least a tiny feeling of being of some use in the world.

It was a great mistake. A normal man just doesn't go to the grocery store every day at odd hours. Society in my neighborhood is organized so that men who really belong in it buy groceries only on Saturday, tinker with the car on Sunday, and never, never rush out into the back yard at two-thirty on Wednesday to get the wash off the line before it rains. Instead of helping my morale, my methods of being useful were tearing it down. I began to feel very much better when I forced myself to keep regular working hours whether I had anything to do or not.

Keeping regular working hours, of course, doesn't solve the morale problem. The root of that problem is that when you present yourself to someone as a person looking for a job, you can't help but feel that you have your hat in your hand. You may have been told with lots of conviction that you shouldn't feel that way, and you may have reached the valid conclusion that you are giving Socony-Vacuum a break by offering yourself to them. Nevertheless, in your own eyes, a bit of the dignity and self-respect that you've worked so hard to build up falls off. Pretty soon this begins to grind you down.

My low point came on the morning of the day that the school board's desire to classify all parents made me become self-employed. I had just lost out on one of my more promising leads. The explanation sounded convincing; the decision had been close, I was told, but another candidate had nosed me out because his specific experience had been somewhat more relevant than mine. Though this sounded plausible, I wasn't entirely satisfied that it was the whole story. I visualized what must have happened at the conference where my future had been left undecided. Men had been sitting around a table discussing me and the things they knew about me, my strong points and my weaknesses. One of them must have said: "How in the world can we take on a man who has been known to shout at his children, and on Sunday morning? Did you notice that he smokes constantly? And he's had four overtime parking tickets in the past five years. We'd better wash our hands of that one." I decided that perhaps the fellow had had something there.

'Not *Your* Sort of Thing'

When you reach the point of letting your inadequacies overshadow your virtues in your own mind, you're in a sad state—and in an especially sad state for job hunting. It's then that your original sound resolution to take only the *right* job begins to waver, and you think about taking any job at all. For a forty-year-old, that's bad.

Fortunately for me, I was able to take the financial risk of striking

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out on my own, which is something that many ex-bureaucrats can't do. Many of them, when sheer necessity forces them to aim far below the income that their competence would otherwise fit them for, discover that they are "overqualified." One friend of mine was turned down by a building-and-loan association looking for a manager for one of its suburban branches; the job paid half his previous income, and the building-and-loan people felt that he wouldn't be happy in it, which was doubtless true. Another friend had a similar experience when he was finally forced to apply for a floor salesman's job with one of the big Washington furniture stores; they were afraid that by the time they had trained him he would have been found by someone else who could use properly his most unusual experience as a budget analyst. That is why he is now selling reconditioned vacuum cleaners for a fly-by-night outfit.

As a result of all this, some very good brains are going to waste. I hope some day businessmen will realize this, and will start actively recruiting from among the ex-bureaucrats, Meanwhile, if they need some economic consulting, I'm in the phone book. I'll be glad to consider their problems—provided, of course, that they have good references.

I now have term life insurance, and last week a real-estate salesman guaranteed to get me a big first mortgage at a low rate of interest if I would buy a house from him. My business hasn't been spectacular, but it's been most satisfying. One of my very first clients had gotten himself all tied up in government red tape. I was able to tell him that under the regulations he had a very good case, but that we would have to put it in language that bureaucrats understood. He won the case.

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CHANNELS: New Dimensions

MARYA MANNES

Enchantment of Color

Some of us old enough to remember the advent of sound in moving pictures may also remember how intrusive it was at first. One resented this squawking indignantly; it seemed to shatter the trance induced by silent images, to make grotesquely overexplicit what had quietly reached the imagination. It took some time, I believe, before sound not only was taken for granted but enriched the art of projection.

Even the advent of movie color was at first jarring, largely because the process was imperfect and the colors crude and unfaithful. But with TV the story is quite different. Color—the new element—is wholly desirable. This is primarily due to the fact that the RCA method used by NBC in opera, variety, and documentary programs is so close to perfection that the television screen, small as it is, seems now a window open to the world of senses and not to a studio. Light without pigment has a breathless intensity: blues, yellows, reds so sensuously pure and incandescent that they are in themselves an almost immediate translation from reality to art.

After these, the essential sordidness of black-and-white television, in which faces and things are drained of blood and air, is abundantly clear. For whereas black-and-white movies are like a world in moonlight, blanched of chlorophyll but still beautiful, black-and-white television is like newsprint, without depth or grace. To borrow Schweitzer's credo, is has no "reverence for life"; whereas color television, bringing us the flow of saffron velvet from pale shoulders or the piercing scarlet crest of a cardinal, is a continual affirmation of nature's miracle.

There are fields, to be sure, where color will add little: The Congressman's flesh tones or the lady moderator's lipstick are not likely to make the forum on Indo-China more significant. But in the arts and sciences there is no end to its power of illumination. Botany, chemistry, geology, zoology—how brilliantly rock and fur and flower can come to life! And as for painting, theater, dance, fashion—here at last the artist should come into his own.

So, indeed, should the advertiser. For perhaps when Cheer is actually blue, the announcer need not describe it.

Voices from Malaya

Having just extolled this heightening of sight, I must now praise sightlessness. One recent Saturday evening NBC produced a radio documentary on Malaya—"War Without End"—to which television, in or out of color, could have added nothing. Aside from the brief and highly pertinent interpolations of commentator Irving R. Levine, it consisted solely of the voices of those most deeply involved: British planters and their wives, soldiers of the Commonwealth forces, Malayans, security officers, the Governor of Malaya himself, and one British woman correspondent. I wish that members of the Cabinet and Congress could have heard this deeply impressive moment of a "limited war." "It's been pretty awful," said the quiet voice of one British woman who described what she herself had seen and known of its horror. Yet, hearing these voices, I was unable to believe that their owners would think massive retaliation any substitute for the massive courage of the single being.

'Awareness'?

There is an argument going around these days to the effect that the more things people know about, the more they know. This is called "awareness," and is usually brought up in any discussion of the influence of mass media on the young in rebuttal to those who fear that the second-hand experiences afforded by these media are tending to replace the primary experiences of thinking and feeling.

Now Josette Frank of the Child Study Association says this in her forthcoming book, *Your Child's Reading Today:* "They [the children] are aware of things that in an earlier day were not even thought of until they were in college. Today, long before they are ready for higher education, the arts and sciences are there for the taking, in pictures and stories. Political campaigns are suddenly intelligible to ten-year-olds. [*Are they?*] With the turn of a dial or the riffling of a picture magazine they may have glimpses of far-reaching international problems. . . ."

I find phrases and words like "for the taking," "intelligible," and "glimpses" disquieting in being so wide open to questions of value. Is looking at something the same as being aware of it? Does the wide screen, for instance, make for more awareness because more things are shown on it? Isn't selection both the product and instrument of awareness?

I hope it is not merely adult nostalgia for a simpler past that makes me believe that the boy watching grasshoppers in a glass jar is more aware of the structure of grasshoppers than the ten-year-old watching a hassle between Senators is aware of political meaning; or that the girl who imagines herself Cathy in *Wuthering Heights* is more aware of love than the teen-ager watching a TV drama of passion. All this outward looking can only deflect from the inward image, whose innocence, perhaps the first guarantee of awareness, is, in one way or another, consistently violated.

"Our children today," writes Miss Frank, "play on the shores of interstellar space. . . ." The difference here is that children used to make their own interstellar space. Now it is packaged for them, peopled, and preshrunk.

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French Writing, 1954: The Tired Young Men

MADELEINE CHAPSAL

PARIS

THE PASSERBY glancing at the magazines on a Paris newsstand would think that interest in literature had never been so flourishing as it now is. Four weeklies are entirely devoted to belles-lettres. Of these the *Figaro Litteraire* has a circulation of 130,000—far higher than that of any of the political weeklies. Moreover, the political weeklies themselves, like the women's magazines and the daily newspapers, are all giving more and more space to their literary sections. They are convinced that a steadily increasing number of their readers turn first of all to the book reviews, the notes and gossip about writers and writing. Often enough they read no further. To satisfy this demand, which is becoming almost a mania, more and more literary departments are being added in existing publications, and three new magazines have recently made their appearance: *La Parisienne, Les Lettres Nouvelles,* and *La Nouvelle Nouvelle Revue Française,* commonly called the *N.N.R.F.* Three new literary monthlies in one year is a lot—particularly considering how many others were already in existence.

But if you look a little closer, you cannot help a feeling of unreality. There is too little that is stirring and fresh; too much is a concoction of old themes. The best known of the three new magazines is not new at all; it is the old *Nouvelle Revue Française,* famous before the war and hopelessly compromised under the Vichy régime, now resurrected by the simple process of adding one more "New" to its title. Before the war, the *N.R.F.'s* circulation was only about five thousand, but the greatest French writers appeared in it and the magazine consistently managed to discover new talent. The twenty thousand subscribers of the new *N.R.F.* find the same prewar names—those of old men or of dead men. Readers of the new magazine grumble at not finding anything new in its pages.

Jockeying for Position

The great annual literary prizes occasion similar disappointment. The Goncourt, the Femina, and the Théophraste Renaudot Prizes are still considered important public events. Weeks ahead the newspapers discuss them; publishers time the publication of their best books to give them the best chance for the prizes, which ensure sales comparable to those provided by a major book-club selection in America. The juries that award the prizes complain there is never anything new in the books among which they have to choose. The writing is generally competent and quite often more than competent, but the juries look in vain for any surprise. Excellent books pile higher and higher on the desks of critics who measure their reading by the kilometer. The book prizes have turned literature into a sort of horse race, with the writers jockeying for position at the starting gate. Bookmakers, photographers, and cheering crowds make it very hard for the serious writer, the serious publisher, and the serious critic.

THE FRENCH reader seems more interested in gossip about these books than in the works themselves, to which he gives no more than a glance, in spite of all the hullabaloo of the prizes. A few highly touted novels sell very well, but people are turning more and more to biography, memoirs, travel books, and reportage.

There is something pathetic in the spectacle of all these people trying to warm themselves around a low and flickering fire. It is because the French people find little nourishment or encouragement in the politics and life of their nation that so many of them open their magazine or newspaper at the literary page. They have lost hope that their statesmen will bring them reassurance or exaltation or provide them with reasons for hope in a national and world situation that looks so irremediably disastrous. They turn to the writers for solace. They do not get it. But they get distraction.

They remember the great prewar days of the *N.R.F.,* when every season or so a great new name appeared and the whole face of French literature was changed. When Proust was first published, or Gide, Mauriac, Breton, or Malraux came upon the scene, there was that sure feeling that a fresh voice was speaking in a tone never heard before. Yet not since the first work of Albert Camus, which is to say since about 1947, has a single original writer attempted to overturn established literary reputations. There are no rebels impatient with their elders; the young writers of today are happy enough to follow comfortably in their trail.

It has not always been so in France. There is at least some novelty in a generation of writers engaged in popularizing its elders rather than in fighting them, but there is little wonder that readers are getting bored.

The most articulate and daring of the young writers claim that their ambition is to restore the old literary standards. Like most people with a taste for restoration and an obsession for upholding the values of the past, many of these young men are to be found on the right wing in politics. Against what radical threat are they reacting? They find the danger in straight reporting, in narrative, and in any fiction relating to things that are actually happening. They are against people like Sartre or Malraux, who base their novels on the

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great social and political events of our times. Nothing, they say, can be called literature that takes sides in any argument to determine our social and moral fate. What they detest above all is for a writer to take a stand and act as a witness. For a writer to fulfill his moral duty as a citizen, they say, is the worst form of bad taste. The French have often had similar attacks of literary escapism.

It must be acknowledged that some of the determined aesthetes have written good books. Since many of them happen also to be in charge of literary criticism for leading newspapers and magazines, their books have also been widely discussed—that is to say, in the publishing world and in the few remaining literary salons. But the general public remains unimpressed by the heroes of these novels, who magically manage to remain aloof and superior to the threats and reality of the world around them. The fact is that the admitted importance of great French writing throughout history comes from the precise image it has always given of the changing world to which it has been witness.

From the Reds, Gray Prose

One might have thought that Communism would inspire its French devotees to write with the harsh fervor of their dialectic, but this has not been the case. The Communist writers who have sought to show how the workers live have simply copied Zola's conscientious realism and produced, as Communist painters do, nothing better than conventional portraits that would interest least of all the ordinary working people who sat for them.

A few fellow-traveling intellectuals have tried with more or less success to describe the atmosphere of the Communist Party. But it is fairly significant that the latest of such works devotes seven hundred pages to an attempt to prove that an intellectual can be neither a Communist nor an anti-Communist—at a time when every thinking European might well be expected to make a choice.

In striking constrast, Christianity has provided inspiration for a whole series of "social" novels. The leading critics have not liked these books at all, but they have sold well. Badly

written, sometimes in a style that has both the shortcomings and the vigor of melodrama, these novels, even when the background is somber and cruel, are hopeful. Their authors hope for a better material and moral world and for a change in the structure of society. Their heroes are not intellectuals; they are simple men, often priests, particularly the worker priests upon whom the Church has recently frowned, men who live in poverty and who share all the miseries of the dispossessed. Very often these novels are written from a strictly orthodox Catholic point of view, but they are filled with the spirit of adventure—that of man alone with his faith in the modern world—and they give new hope to a bitterly skeptical public.

THE MOST interesting thing about the books being written in France today is that Frenchwomen are making themselves heard. Until now, feminine writing has been a subsection of writing in general, and has produced books good and bad with little or no relation to their authors' sex. Today women are writing books to claim their rights as women. We must not forget that Frenchwomen have been voting only since 1945, and that they still have a great area of freedom to conquer and still more to assimilate. The hardest thing for them to win is that freedom of conscience without which no one can create anything. The progress they are making can be measured by the books they write. None of these works is particularly original in form; like the men, the women writers are not breaking away from past models. But what distinguishes their writing from that of the men is that they are all trying to express something deep and peculiarly feminine about woman's position in the modern world. The subject is not a new one. Everyone knows that woman has to adapt herself to a world dominated by man, but now it is the woman writer who is dealing with it, and the books she writes are both the echo of the battle and a weapon to win it. That is why these books have verve and sincerity—and also an increasing public support.

Breathing Spell

There can be no outstanding writing unless the writer has something to say. For the moment there are many reasons why French writing seems to proceed with a reduced creative power. The war disgusted everyone with the strictly analytical and descriptive novel. Today's French writer feels ashamed to analyze and argue, to stare intermiably at his own problems and personal difficulties. This may be only a temporary inhibition, but it is felt very strongly by all those who were young in 1940.

The young writers do not dare to trust their creative power and make absolutes out of their personal intellectual systems. They remain at the mercy of social upheavals and hold themselves ready to paint whatever great event may occur. As evidence of this, many young writers change their style and their tone every time they write a new book—that is to say, every time they come to grips with a new subject, as if a new subject had to be dealt with through a new style.

This timidity is just one of the consequences of a general stagnation. Before the First World War and between the wars, men of great ability had diagnosed this disease and had cried out against the still-prevailing evils. But nothing has changed. It is difficult to find the heart to denounce the same evils all over again, to rewrite what has already been perfectly written. As long as things remain as they have been for a gen-

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eration or more, not much literary creativeness can be expected.

Meanwhile French writers continue to assimilate the past. It is an abundantly rich past, and those who take their inspiration from it write good books. These books are producing a curious result: The public, always a little bit behind the times and therefore often unprepared to understand and accept a new creative phase in literature, is being given an opportunity to catch up—a sort of breathing spell.

It is, of course, a commonplace to complain that there is no real *avant garde* at work today. But that complaint is not valid. There is an *avant garde,* but it is made up of readers instead of writers—readers who have caught up with the past and who hunger for original, path-breaking books.

Whether or not someone is now writing such a book is highly debatable. We have learned now that the high degrees of creativeness which from time to time run through the body of literature do not come from literature itself, but register deep and still hidden historical currents. To predict the fate of this planet is not in the domain of literary criticism.

Senator McCarthy's Eggheads

RICHARD H. ROVERE

McCarthy and His Enemies. by William F. Buckley, Jr., and L. Brent Bozell. *Regnery. $5.*

Here are four hundred solemn and tedious but literate and in several ways important pages in defense of Senator McCarthy. Like Boswell's sermonizing woman and Dr. Johnson's dog that walked upright, they are remarkable for the simple fact of their existence. They constitute, for one thing, an affirmation of McCarthyism bolder and more sweeping than any that other McCarthyites, the Senator himself most emphatically included, have made so far.

Buckley and Bozell will not settle for a merely pragmatic verdict in McCarthy's favor, for concurrence in the view that it takes a lot of noise to wake a sleeping nation and that McCarthy is a noisemaker of unparalleled effectiveness. They work this and all the other familiar metaphors now and again, but what they are really soliciting is our assent to the extraordinary proposition that "McCarthyism . . . is a movement around which men of good will and stern morality may close ranks." One can almost see McCarthy's formidable jaw dropping as he comes on so startling a thought; it has never, after all, occurred to him to bring good will and stern morality into the argument.

Reading this sort of thing, McCarthy may be led to reflect on the advantages of having eggheads of one's own. But if his intuitions are as sound as some of us believe them to be, he may be led to other reflections. For while it would seem reasonable, almost inescapable, to assume that so exalted a view of McCarthyism must rest on a boundless admiration for McCarthy, this does not seem to be the case at all.

These young authors (Mr. Buckley may be remembered for his book of a couple of years ago saying that God and country no longer enjoy an intimate association with Yale, and Mr. Bozell is a New Haven contemporary) labor mightily to read reason and truth and consistency into McCarthy's humbug, but they give not the slightest indication of admiring McCarthy himself. They have produced a devotional essay that contains not a word of devotion, true or simulated. Nowhere in this defense of McCarthy is there a single warm or friendly phrase about the man himself. The most that can be said of Buckley's and Bozell's attitude is that it hovers somewhere between ambivalence and repugnance.

The evidence of this is not to be found in their repeated admission that McCarthy butchers truth. (According to Leo Cherne, a professional statistician, there are sixty-three such concessions, or about one to every six pages.) Buckley and Bozell may be disturbed by this habit of McCarthy's, but their argument is never seriously discommoded by it; their position throughout seems to be that some things are more important than truth. What does appear to upset them, though, is McCarthy's

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personality. They are unable to bring themselves even to the point of discussing it.

This work, which appears to be a biography of a fascinating and truly protean figure, is actually nothing more than an examination, close but never close enough, of only one side of McCarthy's many-sided life; it deals only with the record of McCarthy's public discussions, if they can be called that, of Communist infiltration of the Federal government. The study is framed in time by McCarthy's discovery of the Communist issue in early 1950 and by his speech on Adlai Stevenson just before the election of 1952. Almost everything else is left out. No one would guess from anything that Buckley and Bozell have to say that McCarthy is a politician; that he has had certain transactions with other politicians of his time; that there have been some interesting speculations about his past and about his aspirations for the future; that he comes from a state named Wisconsin, which has a political climate of its own; that, like any other human being, he has traits which distinguish him from other human beings; that he has had, even in the period covered by the book, a good many concerns besides Communism—that he is, in short, a person.

The subtitle of the book is "The Record and Its Meaning," but the record is so narrowly construed as to rule out everything but the speeches and testimony in which McCarthy has ascribed various degrees of political guilt to others. For the authors, he exists only as a machine of denunciation. They are, of course, much too intelligent to fail to see the interrelatedness of elements in a career; they are, in fact, at pains to point them out and explore them in the lives of men of whom, along with McCarthy, they take a poor view. But every time the question of McCarthy's personality appears to be germane, they rear back and then move along to something else. At one point they tell us that they regard a discussion of McCarthy's motives as a "parlor game" they don't wish to play.

WHAT GOES ON here? How does it happen that volunteers in a movement for men of stern morality beg off from all discussions of the morality of the movement's leader? How it happens is not of much importance, it seems to me, alongside the fact that it *does* happen. Buckley and Bozell are hardly the first young intellectuals to handle the problem of faith in a leader this way. The Communist intellectuals of twenty years ago had no very high opinion of the Communist leaders either in Russia or the United States. They regarded them as intellectual and moral inferiors, and they neither liked nor admired them. But they followed and defended them, triumphing over all misgivings and even somehow strengthened in their faith by admitting the shortcomings of the leadership. In a sense, indeed, the shortcomings revealed the true strength and greatness of the leaders, for it is characteristic of the intellectual to regard the man of action as being both worse and better than himself.

I daresay it was *de rigueur* among young Nazis, too, to speak, among themselves, rather disparagingly of the mind and morality of Hitler and his associates and at the same time to point to the weaknesses of the Führer and the Gauleiters as being among the sources of their strength as leaders. Thought, the intellectuals know, inhibits action, and plainly, therefore, action must inhibit thought.

Die McCarthy Jugend

In any event, what is instructive about this book is not its revelation of the way the politically bewitched mind works, but its revelation that McCarthy and McCarthyism have achieved the power to bewitch. If, as I am inclined to believe, Buckley and Bozell are representatives of at least a significant portion of their generation, their book will stir memories and a sinking, here-we-go-again feeling in members of my own generation, which is now crowding middle age and enduring the contempt of the young Buckleys and Bozells. One had hoped that McCarthyism, which is essentially nihilistic and has an even more remote connection with justice, liberty, and human fellowship than the Stalinism of the 1930's, would lack the power to stimulate such responses in young men, but evidently it doesn't. Buckley and Bozell don't admire McCarthy and probably don't even like him, but McCarthy's thrashing about persuades them that he is a man of action, a doer, and they are for him.

Cheerfully finessing morality, or at least declaring it irrelevant to the higher righteousness, they set about defending McCarthy with a refinement of McCarthy's own techniques of debate. By this I do not mean anything so simple or gauche as the "smearing of innocent people"—one of the complaints against their man that the authors discuss with a great air of patience and forbearance—but rather that, like McCarthy, they have liberated themselves from the fetters of any particular discipline of debate and are free, therefore, to select from the arsenal of polemics any weapon, any idea, any dodge or pitch or gimmick that suits their passing needs. One moment finds them wrestling Greco-Roman, the next jujitsu, the next West Country, or Devon, style.

Consistency is to be found only in the lacquer of reasonableness and serious intellectual purpose that glistens on the surface of their argument—there and in the oppressive, thoroughly bogus air of scholarship and research they create. These writers may be accused of taking facts lightly, but they cannot be accused of taking them for granted. They overlook facts by the carload, but once they decide to deal with one they give it the full treatment. Citations abound. So do footnotes. The appendices are long and numerous, manifestly the product of much labor. The presumption created by such an approach is that, whatever else may be said of it, it is not frivolous.

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The presumption, of course, is false. The book is breath-takingly frivolous, just as its hero is. I have often thought that the cream of the jest for McCarthy must lie in the success he has enjoyed in turning the devices of scholarship against scholars. This superb faker has long known what triumphs of fakery can be won by the man who "documents" everything he says, who carries about a great wad of papers and books and photostats, who appears before audiences with the dust of the archives still clinging to him. The bulging briefcase is to McCarthy what snapping red galluses were to old Gene Talmadge. The suckers gape in wonderment, the true believers twitch in ecstasy when McCarthy holds aloft a scrap of paper—hot, he says, from the filing cabinet. The man positively flaunts the stigmata of the pedant; in the 101 pages of his own book, *McCarthyism: The Fight for America,* there are 314 meticulously numbered citations. Anyone who employed them to run down sources would see for himself how McCarthy butchers truth. But McCarthy knows a secret: He knows that people won't run down sources but that they will be mightily impressed by being given the opportunity to do so.

Triumph of the Irrelevant

This is the way Buckley and Bozell work. Bookish by nature and only recently discharged from the sacred groves, they display an academic *savoir-faire* that makes McCarthy, by contrast, look a bit of a rube. But the purpose and effect are the same. Take as an example their treatment of McCarthy's very first speech on Communism, the one delivered in Wheeling, West Virginia, on February 9, 1950. For page after tiresome page, Buckley and Bozell debate with themselves over whether McCarthy on that memorable occasion said that he had the names of 205 Communists in the State Department or whether the figure he gave was 57, as he later claimed. They finally resolve the problem in favor of 57, but not before they have scrupulously examined every last scrap of evidence in favor of 205. They appraise the credentials of contenders on both sides, subject their competing claims to a rigorous scrutiny, devote themselves to a ponderous textual examination of the two versions of the speech. They worry the problem with all the zeal of a Jean Champollion working over the Rosetta Stone. It is a trying but impressive performance, and it is almost certain to leave the reader who has no independent knowledge of the controversy feeling that Buckley and Bozell don't prejudge questions of fact but get their answers the hard, fair way.

THEIR ANSWERS to what? To absolutely nothing, for this particular question is no question at all. It doesn't matter the least bit whether McCarthy in his maiden speech on Communism used the figure 205 or 57 or 81 or 9 or 9,000. Any figure would have been a fraudulent one because McCarthy didn't have *any* names. Moreover, the very sentence in which he used whichever figure he used contained several demonstrable untruths to which Buckley and Bozell pay no attention at all. What McCarthy was reported to have said was this: "I have here in my hand a list of 205—a list of names that were made known to the Secretary of State as being members of the Communist Party and who nevertheless are still working and shaping policy in the State Department."

McCarthy later beefed about the figure, but this, like his friends' discussion of it, was only a cover-up for the simple fact that he had nothing. What he held in his hand was not a list but a letter James Byrnes had written to the late Representative Adolph Sabath on the State Department loyalty program. From certain statistics in the letter, the figure 205 emerged as one that applied to people who had been investigated but not discharged. There were no names in the list. The letter was more than three years old. The list could not have been submitted to Dean Acheson because he wasn't Secretary of

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State at that time. The people the letter referred to but did not name were not all in the State Department when McCarthy spoke. Some had died, some had quit, some had been dismissed for other reasons. Only one or two had been accused of Communism. Only one or two at the most had anything to do with policy. A couple of hundred pages after Bozell and Buckley have settled on the figure 57 as the accurate one, in their bland and plausible that-settles-*that* manner, they tell us that McCarthy "has publicly accused, as of questionable loyalty or reliability, a total of forty-six persons." A lengthy footnote, positively reeking of judiciousness, warns us that this computation may possibly be in error but that it "is as close a figure as diligent research will bear out."

OF THEIR DILIGENCE there can be no doubt. It takes great application to spin out the irrelevant for pages at a time, and this book is indisputably a masterpiece of irrelevance. On the hastily constructed theory that McCarthy's real contribution is in "bringing to the loyalty-security problem a kind of skepticism with which it had not been approached before," they carry us off into a long, carefully worked-up disquisition on procedures in the field.

The notion that McCarthyism may be forcing an undesirable spirit of conformity on the Republic leads them into an essay on the philosophy of comformity in which they are able to disgorge huge chunks of reference-room knowledge and to indulge in the kind of casuistry and logic-chopping that never fails to delight young men of their sort. None of it has very much to do with McCarthy or McCarthyism, but the brilliance of this book lies in the authors' ability to make the utterly irrelevant seem urgently relevant. This is also, of course, one of the basic gifts of the man they don't like to talk much about but are nevertheless intent on celebrating.

It is all, to be sure, strictly for the birds, but that is no consolation, for we know from McCarthy's success how full the woods are of birds, and we know from this book that its bright young authors, too, are feathered.

Book Notes

SEDUCTION OF THE INNOCENT: THE INFLUENCE OF COMIC BOOKS ON TODAY'S YOUTH, by Fredric Wertham, M. D. *Rinehart. $4.00.*

THIS DETAILED and documented indictment of what the ninety million or more comic books printed a month are doing to our children could well form the basis for legislation prohibiting the sale of the more objectionable ones. Although Dr. Wertham's findings make hard reading because of bad organization and because of the essential and cumulative unpleasantness of the subject matter, they clearly put comic books, with their constant blatant stimulation of sadism, perverted sex, brutality, and violence on a par with narcotics or any mass poison to which bodies and minds—particularly those of the young—are exposed these days.

•

THE HEART OF AFRICA, by Alexander Campbell. *Knopf. $5.*

"WE ESCAPED into the garden, and presently Hans joined us. " 'In Switzerland,' he said, 'we have a wine called Twann which makes all who drink it very angry and confused. I think that in Kenya they have all been drinking Twann.'

" 'Not just in Kenya,' I said."

In 1937, Mr. Campbell quit his job on a Scottish paper and, with his bride, sailed to South Africa, where eventually he became Johannesburg bureau chief for *Time-Life.* Book readers owe a great debt to the space limitations — and/or the editorial tastes—of the Luce publications: The *obiter scripta* of their writers often make far better reading than one finds in the magazines. *The Heart of Africa* is the latest illustration of this—excellent reporting not only from South Africa and Kenya but from all Africa south of the Sahara.

"They're only fifty years out of the trees!" This is the cliché mouthed by most whites everywhere in that area when the natives come up for discussion, which they seem to do all the time. The Negroes are an obsession, objects of a guilty hatred; they are a dark, all-pervading fear and they are handy, usually unresisting victims for the sadism that seems to lurk in all too many of us. Mr. Campbell makes it clear that it is not only the Boers who talk and act and feel this way. The foreigner who has seen the Britisher only on home grounds often finds it hard to relate the swashbuckling, gabby colonial Englishman to the quiet specimen under the bowler hat on the platform at Charing Cross station.

In any case, a stranger's simple statement that Negroes are human beings is apt to win him the title of "bloody Bolshie!" And in South Africa the Malanists can make the title stick, for the law says that the government can simply "name" anyone it doesn't happen to like a Communist without giving him the right to challenge the verdict in a court of law.

That is an interesting and advanced technique, but not one entirely unknown to the legislative branch in this country.

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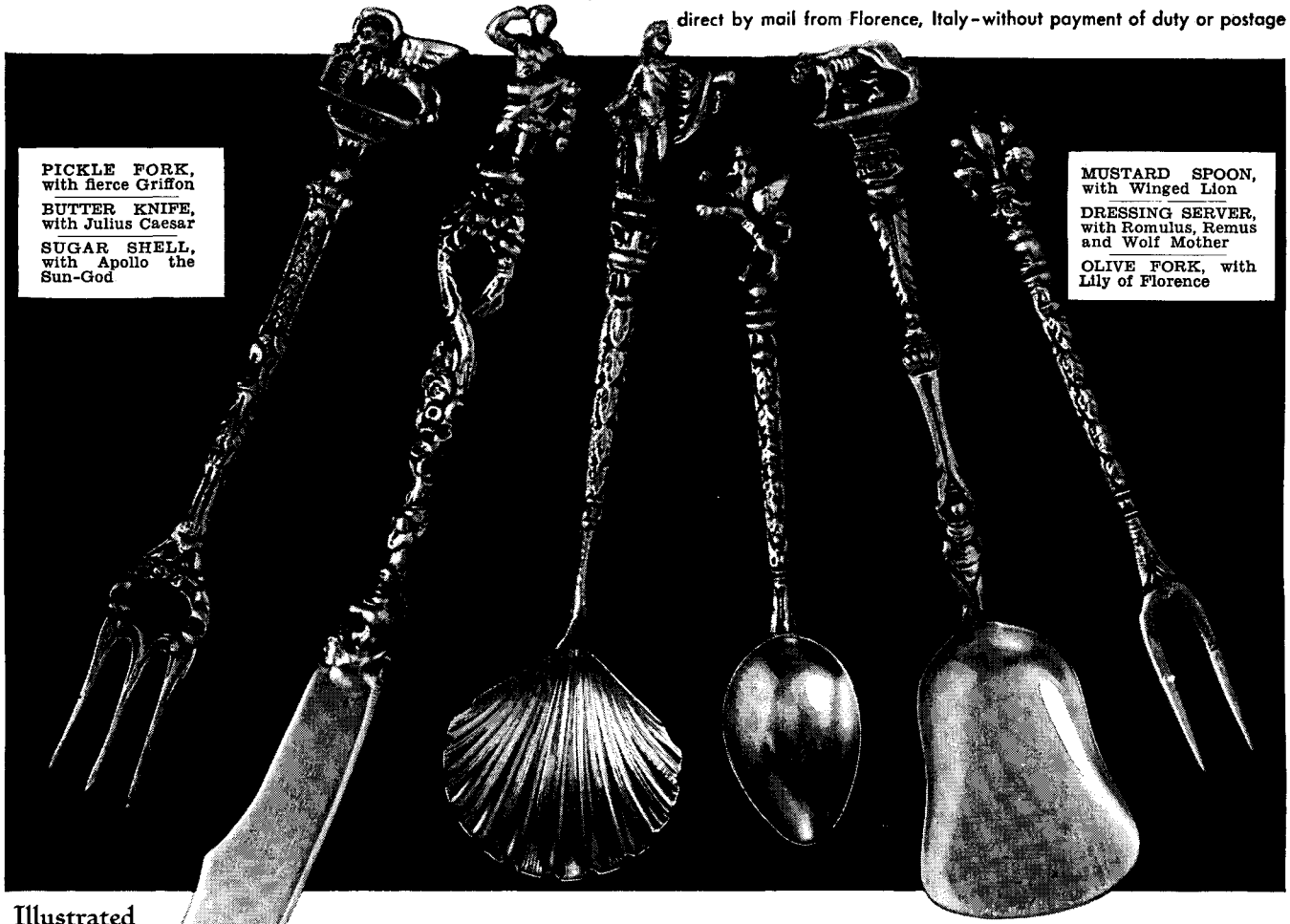
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